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SPAIN.

THE hints and rumours which have been circulated on the subject of the American Minister's despatch seem to have served the purpose of the Spanish Government. All parties have for the moment joined in a burst of patriotic indignation, and large reinforcements, which may perhaps be strong enough to suppress the insurrection, have been forwarded amid general approval. General CABALLERO DE RODAS exhibited at Cadiz and Malaga a vigorous resolution which probably fits him for his present position; and the cooler season which is approaching will be favourable to military operations. His principal difficulty consists in the character of a rebellion which is maintained only by irregular bands. It is not known that CESPEDES and his associates, although they have defied the Government for an entire year, have ever been able to meet the Spanish troops in battle. They hold no towns or fortresses; they have not even exclusive possession of any part of the country, and yet it is doubtful whether the majority of the inhabitants are not attached to their cause either by fear or by goodwill. No trustworthy explanation has been given of the relation of the insurrection to slavery; nor is it certain that the schemes of emancipation which have been discussed at Madrid may not have contributed to the irritation which prevails among the colonists; but the planters must be aware that separation from Spain would imply annexation to the neighbouring Republic, which would not tolerate for a day the continuance of slavery. The recognition of belligerency would probably have been already accorded to the insurgents but for the doctrines to which the American Government has for a special purpose committed itself in the dispute with England; yet it may be doubted whether there is any precedent for the acknowledgment of a state of civil war where the rebels have neither a territory nor a government of their own. The recognition would be in itself a mere form, as the insurgents of Cuba have no maritime force; but a measure which would be universally understood to involve a pledge of further interference would afford invaluable encouragement to the enemies of Spain. President GRANT has hitherto acted with prudence and moderation, but he will find increased difficulty in maintaining a neutral position after the meeting of Congress. The Lower House has already voted for the recognition, not only of belligerent rights, but of independence; and the Republicans may perhaps before long be eager to anticipate or rival the Democrats in the adoption of a popular policy.

General SICKLES' despatch appears to have been one of those mistakes to which American diplomatists are prone. No country is, on the whole, so badly served in its dealings with foreign nations, although great power and complete invulnerability secure the United States against any dangerous result from blunders in negotiation. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was disavowed, although he carried out his instructions with fidelity. The American Minister in China, on the other hand, has been lately recalled for thwarting the policy of his Government. Mr. HALE, who preceded General SICKLES at Madrid, finding his salary insufficient, is said to have been in the habit of paying his tradesmen by official permits for contraband goods; and Spanish pride is probably not flattered by the selection of an American Envoy who is not received at home in respectable private society. The threat which has been addressed to the Spanish Government, whatever may have been its exact purport, must have been indiscreet, unless it was to be followed by immediate action. Although it is stated that the Washington Government sustains its envoy in the course he has pursued, and that he acted in obedience to his instructions, it seems difficult to believe that he was directly authorized to announce the contingent recognition, either of belligerent rights or of independence.

The REGENT and his Ministers may perhaps, notwithstanding official disavowals, have been previously inclined to negotiate for the sale of the sovereignty of Cuba. If the bargain fell through, it was a stroke of ingenuity to cover the failure by a burst of patriotism; and a more practised diplomatist, on the other part, would not have provided them with an opportunity of appealing to the national pride. If, however, Spain has obtained an advantage in the game of negotiation, the stakes will not the less ultimately fall to the United States. The player who holds the winning cards can afford to be careless, in the certainty that he can at pleasure retrieve his losses. If the rebellion sustains itself, some pretext of humanity or of violated right will easily be found to justify intervention at the most convenient season. It would perhaps be still more desirable that the Spanish Government, after re-establishing its authority in the island, should treat on equal terms, without sacrifice of dignity, for the transfer of an unprofitable possession. The manufacturers who at present enjoy a monopoly of the markets of Cuba are the only class of Spanish subjects who would suffer materially by the loss of the colony. It is for the Americans to consider whether CESPEDES and his followers are likely to become valuable citizens of the Republic; and perhaps the confidence of the nation in its power of absorption and assimilation is not unfounded.

It is not improbable that domestic troubles in Spain may soon divert public attention from Cuba. A Republican meeting at Tarragona has ended in the murder of the Governor, who remonstrated against the seditious violence of the speakers; and though it may be possible to suppress mob disturbances by military force, there remains the standing difficulty of providing the country with a settled Government. As the time for the meeting of the Cortes approaches there are again rumours of an attempt to fill the vacant throne. The partisans of the Duke of GENOA and of Dom FERNANDO of Portugal affect confidence in the prospects of their respective candidates; while one recent report adds the reigning King of PORTUGAL to the number of possible candidates. Well-informed foreign observers still assert that the prize is destined for the Duke of MONTPEISIER. Since the commencement of the Revolution, the chances of Dom FERNANDO have been diminished by his marriage with a lady who could not preside over a Spanish Court; nor is there any reason to believe that his own refusal will be withdrawn in the event of his receiving a new offer. The candidature of the Duke of GENOA is perhaps recommended by the prolongation of the Regency which would be rendered necessary by the choice of a schoolboy as King. By a curious coincidence the same device for consolidating constitutional monarchy has simultaneously occurred to ingenious politicians in two adjoining countries. The report of an intention on the part of the Emperor NAPOLEON to abdicate in favour of his son is like the supposed choice of the Duke of GENOA to be King of Spain, founded on the logical or plausible assumption that a king who is merely to reign ought to be naturally incapable of governing; but Continental theorists seldom understand that a fiction which is to be useful ought to look like truth. Neither France nor Spain has constitutional traditions strong enough to support an imaginary throne. The recent history of Queen ISABELLA's minority ought to warn prudent Spaniards against the project of hanging the crown on a bush. A king who is to be of use must, while he respects the authority of the Cortes, possess experience and knowledge of men which may enable him to exercise a salutary influence, through his Ministers, on the policy of the State. The KING-CONSORT of Portugal is a man of mature years, he has had practical knowledge of administrative business, and he belongs to the family which has produced King LEOPOLD and Prince ALBERT; but, even if objections arising from domestic circumstances are over-

looked, the hopes which are suggested by the preference of a Portuguese Prince would almost certainly be disappointed. Although Portugal may be thought to be by nature only an outlying province of Spain, it has nevertheless been always an independent kingdom, except in the short interval between the reigns of PHILIP II. and PHILIP IV. The inhabitants are indisposed to annexation to a country which is not politically or socially in advance of their own. The selection of Lisbon as the capital of the united kingdom might perhaps conciliate Portuguese feeling, but it would be highly unacceptable to the majority of Spaniards. If the Cortes really elect a king, they will probably be driven, by a process of elimination, to choose the Duke of MONTPENSIER, who is perhaps personally qualified for the post; but the only candidate who is known to the Spanish people happens, with or without reason, to be unpopular. The Government has not even thought it prudent to allow the Duke to return to his splendid residence at Seville, and his installation in the Royal palace of Madrid would be a bolder defiance of the feelings of the multitude. It is absolutely certain that the nomination of the Duke of MONTPENSIER would provoke a Republican insurrection; and it must be assumed that the Government would not press the election until preparations were made to repress armed opposition. A King who began his reign with a civil contest would labour under grave disadvantages. It is probable that the majority of the people, as of the Cortes, may be favourable to the continuance of monarchy; but the moderate parties and the respectable classes would not fight for their opinions, while the Republicans would only yield to superior military force. The changes which followed the revolution of last year have placed additional impediments in the way of an orderly monarchy. The Duke of MONTPENSIER as King would be even more dependent than Queen ISABELLA on the army and its chiefs. On the whole, it may be conjectured that the Government will prefer the continuance of the Regency to the dangerous experiment of electing a King. If the Republicans rebel, and are defeated, the restoration of the throne may be effected with comparative ease.

THE EMPEROR'S HESITATION.

IN the natural course of events, day ought now to succeed day in France without giving occasion for any uncertainty as to the immediate policy of the Government. When the EMPEROR took the momentous step of anticipating by an autocratic revolution the anticipated action of the Corps Législatif, he entered seemingly upon a line of conduct which admitted neither of halting nor retreat. Whether he ought to have abandoned his prerogatives sooner, or retained them longer, or never abandoned them at all, were points on which great difference of opinion might fairly exist. In fact the situation was one of such supreme difficulty that, whatever had been his choice, it would have been open to unfavourable criticism. But there was one thing which seemed wholly beyond question. There should have been no unnecessary delay in putting the new Constitution into working order. Every day that it was left out of gear would bring danger nearer to France. The Empire was in the position of a steam-ship in which the engines have suddenly stopped working, and the only chance of making her answer to the helm is to get the sails spread as soon as possible. The victory at the elections was really won by the Republican party. Partly by their own organization, and partly by the fears of the moderate Opposition, they had assumed a position in the country far beyond that to which their known numbers appeared to entitle them. The change in the Constitution was indirectly their work, for the EMPEROR'S Message was nothing less than an acknowledgment that he could no longer fight them with the old weapons, and was about, as a last expedient, to make trial of Parliamentary government. It is only natural that the hopes of the party should have been greatly raised by such a confession. It gave them a sort of claim upon those floating elements of support which always like to be found on the winning side. Enthusiastic adherents the Republican party had had all along, but now for the first time since 1851 there was a chance of its gaining calculating adherents. One result of this change has been seen already. The organs of the party have assumed a tone which only belongs to men who are already calculating upon a victory. Of hatred to the EMPEROR there has always been as much in their columns as could contrive to escape the Correctional Police Court; but of late contempt has become even more conspicuous than hatred. The Imperial family is made the subject of every variety of ridicule, decent and indecent. It seems

to be taken for granted by these journalists that they can lampoon the Sovereign with entire impunity, and lampoon him in the avowed conviction that he has no longer the power to silence them. The device which M. HENRI ROCHEFORT has made notorious appears day after day on the front page of the *Rappel* without the authorities taking the least notice. A few months back the *Lanterne* was proscribed throughout France; now its scurrilous attacks are studied and enjoyed by every workman who does not prefer the yet stronger meat provided for him in the *Réveil*. Against the undoubted dangers of this state of things might have been set the profound alarm which this sudden revival of Republican ardour must awake in the minds of the propertied classes. The EMPEROR has virtually told them that personal government is not the bulwark against revolution which he and they have thought it. By choosing the moment when Socialism had again lifted its head for introducing Parliamentary institutions, he had virtually told them that here, if anywhere, is to be found the protection they desire. The very activity of the common enemy might be expected to ensure the hearty co-operation of the French Conservatives in the Imperial experiment. Liberty might, in their minds, be a poor plank to trust to in revolutionary seas, but when the Saviour of Society has himself proclaimed that there is no better, they would be sure to cling to it at any cost.

It is an inexplicable feature in the EMPEROR'S conduct that he seems to be wantonly throwing away the advantages thus placed at his command. Each additional week of delay, if not of hesitation, in setting the new Constitution to work, tends to bring it into undeserved discredit. We have never made light of the difficulties which lie thick in the EMPEROR'S road, but the longer he avoids encountering them, the more he loses of the impetus which alone can carry him over them. If the *Senatus Consultum* had been hurried through the Senate, if the EMPEROR had got together as good a Ministry as the Third Party could provide him with, if the Corps Législatif had been convoked for the earliest possible day, the Government might have hoped to gather strength from the very extravagance of the attacks to which it is subjected. It might have set up the standard of orderly freedom, and presented itself to the French nation in the valuable, if not exalted, character of defender of all who have anything to lose. No doubt it would have had to struggle against just suspicion and inevitable hostility. A Liberal Empire has so long been regarded as an impossible freak of nature, that its natural supporters may be excused if at first they distrust their own eyes. Still, a steady persistence in the newly adopted path must in the long run overcome the most inveterate unbelievers, and, to do the moderate Liberals of France justice, they have shown no disposition to push their scepticism to the point of exaggeration. If they have held back from giving the Liberal Empire a frank recognition, it may fairly be attributed to the apparently unconquerable shyness which hinders it from challenging their homage. Whatever doubts may exist as to the extent of the support which the new Government may hope to secure, the chance of their receiving a favourable solution grows less every day. Those who were prepared to be enthusiastic see their expectations dashed with uncertainty; those who only half believed are losing even the languid faith which they once possessed; those who never gave the EMPEROR credit for being in earnest are boasting of the accuracy of their predictions. In this way the support which constitutional government might have secured is more and more frittered away. After all the contumely which NAPOLEON III. has thrown upon the Parliamentary system, the one means open to him of recommending it to his subjects was to simulate that hearty acceptance of it which might be supposed to proceed from real, though late, conversion. The middle class is not likely to stand by a deliverer who, after pinning his faith to a system which has turned out worthless, now recommends a system in which he does not himself believe.

It is not surprising, under such circumstances as these, that even in this dead time of the year Paris should be the home of all manner of rumours. The EMPEROR'S conduct is so inconsistent with his apparent interests that the world can scarcely be expected to accept it as a matter of course. During the last few days a *coup d'état* and a war with Prussia have been alternately the talk of Paris. Both seem to be highly improbable. As to a *coup d'état*, the situation can hardly be considered as ripe for so stringent a method of treatment. That something of the sort may from time to time have crossed the EMPEROR'S mind is possible enough, but it is an experiment which pre-eminently adapts itself to a more advanced stage of the transformation. We can imagine that if the Corps Législatif had become a scene of strife and confusion, if the violence of the Republican party had gone on

increasing, if the Government were constantly receiving promises of support from the possessors of property throughout France—if, in short, the Parliamentary experiment had failed without any obvious fault on the part of NAPOLEON III.—the temptation to repeat the stroke of December 1851 might become very great indeed. At present, the attempt, if made at all, would be made in the absence of all the conditions which could give it the best promise of success. As to a war with Prussia, the suggestion supplies no key to the motive of the EMPEROR's present conduct. A foreign war might have averted the need of modifying the Constitution if it had been resorted to a few months earlier, and it might serve to rally Frenchmen round the new system if it were resorted to a few months later. But to make the experiment now would satisfy no one. The Imperialists would feel aggrieved that the declaration of war had not preceded, instead of following, the publication of the EMPEROR's Message, which might then have turned out superfluous; the Liberals would look with a coldness which otherwise they would have no reason for feeling on a contest which had come in the very nick of time to give personal government a fresh lease of life. On the whole, therefore, the attitude of the EMPEROR's mind must be attributed to the habitual irresolution which seems becoming his most characteristic quality, intensified, as it may well be, by an invalid's reluctance to any considerable mental exertion. The decision to surrender his peculiar prerogative was forced upon him by circumstances; but that solitary effort seems to have exhausted, at all events for a time, whatever energy is yet left to NAPOLEON III. For the measures necessary to carry out that surrender—measures which, in the present instance, are more important than the original determination itself—France must be content to wait. Unfortunately, France has not always been distinguished by the patience which she is now expected to display.

PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY.

THE few and obscure traders who have lately attempted to revive the system of protective duties have fallen into a practical blunder which may be more mischievous than their economic error. Their affected readiness to approve of Free-trade, if only it is reciprocal or universal, indicates a consciousness that their genuine doctrines are either untenable or unpopular. Protectionists really wish to maintain certain branches of industry by artificial aid under circumstances which render open competition difficult or impossible. An unfavourable climate, a comparatively high rate of wages, difficulty of transit, and other impediments of a similar nature exclude whole districts or countries from the kinds of production which may be more advantageously practised elsewhere; but the operation of natural causes has often been checked by coercive measures for making customers tributary to the neighbouring producers. A little more than a century ago the French provinces were divided from one another by Customs' frontiers, and at the same time Irish goods were only admitted into England on payment of heavy duties. Within the limits of the same fiscal jurisdiction free-trade necessarily existed, and as territories have been consolidated into larger States, restrictions have necessarily been removed. The prohibitive doctrines which prevail in the United States are necessarily inoperative within the wide limits of the Federal dominions. Russia itself allows free commercial intercourse to a large section of Europe and Asia. The same kind of suffering which arises from foreign competition occurred when the cloth trade of the Western counties and the woollen manufacture of Norwich were transferred by the introduction of machinery to the neighbourhood of the Northern coalfields. Kent and Sussex must have been greatly impoverished when the process of smelting iron with charcoal was superseded by the use of pit coal in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. It would have been impossible to persuade Parliament to erect a line of Custom-houses along the Trent; but many curious Acts were placed on the Statute-book for the purpose of enforcing the consumption of the products of decaying industries. As the manufacturing activity of England increased, the policy of conquering markets in Asia and America was largely adopted; and it is only in later years that traders have discovered the obvious truth that it is better to deal with the whole of mankind than with the largest empire which could be subjected to a single ruler. When the new experiment was tried, it appeared that all the world was ready to sell; but that foreign communities, taking up the cast-off fallacies of England, desired as far as possible to refrain from buying. Nevertheless, merchants and manufacturers contrive to find numerous outlets for their wares; and they may safely be

trusted to take care that the purchase-money is in some shape received. The demand for reciprocity means that the advantage of buying in the cheapest market shall be suspended until foreigners learn that it is their interest to let English dealers sell in the dearest market. The resurrectionists of Protection would attach little value to reciprocity if it were within their reach. The ribbon-makers of Coventry have been ruined, not by the refusal of the French to buy English goods, but by the greater cheapness and efficiency of the Lyons manufacture. It was unlucky that Mr. CORBEN and Mr. GLADSTONE unavoidably seemed to adopt the doctrine of reciprocity in the commercial treaty with France. A diplomatic agreement for the reduction of duties on either side implied that one concession was exchanged for another, although Mr. CORBEN thoroughly understood that England was twice blessed in giving as well as in taking. The form of a treaty enabled the English Government to deal with a Sovereign who was more enlightened than his Legislature, and the reduction of the duties on French produce served as an ostensible equivalent for the relaxation of an almost prohibitive tariff; yet the deviation of the Free-trade leaders from sound doctrines has established a mischievous precedent.

The new agitation would scarcely deserve notice if it had not a tendency to countenance the selfish theories of a class which is likely to acquire political power. By a happy accident the middle classes of England identify a restrictive commercial policy with their social antipathies or jealousies. Their minds were opened to the logical deductions of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORBEN by prejudices which were common to disciples and teachers. Down to the present day, in spite of the contemporary legislation of all great democratic communities, the Lancashire Radical believes that protective duties are exclusively the offspring of oligarchical perversity. His arguments in favour of Free-trade are both sound and lucid; but perhaps he would have been less thoroughly aware of the soundness of his position if his feelings had not acted in the same direction with his reason. The members of Trade-Unions, and the constituents who elect delegates to International Congresses, have not inherited the tradition of the Corn-law struggle, and will yield but little deference to the authority of Mr. GEORGE WILSON and his former colleagues. The Chartists of the time, who were the predecessors of the political workmen of the present day, although they wavered in their opinions, were on the whole more hostile to the employers whom they knew than to the remote landlords who were assailed by the common enemy. Although it is the main object of the Unionists to obtain a larger share of the profits of industry, the more intelligent members of the body cannot fail to perceive that the sum to be divided is not an invariable quantity. That the fund for which workmen contend with employers may not disappear in the course of the struggle, many of the leaders of the agitation are disposed to confine it by artificial fences. All classes are apt to abuse power for their own benefit, but it is only a numerical majority that can afford to be avowedly selfish. The landowners persuaded themselves and others that they were chiefly anxious to secure the country against the risk of famine; the American manufacturers have discovered that in filling their own pockets they maintain a wholesome variety of conditions; but the working-class agitators and their sycophantic patrons profess to look to the interests of labour alone. The re-establishment of monopoly will perhaps be thought less monstrous when a section of the doomed middle-class has announced that Free-trade is a failure. The cosmopolitan liberality which finds expression at Basle and Lausanne is rather a declaration of hostility to the comfortable classes in all European countries than a repudiation of exclusive commercial policy. The prophets of Socialism are quite capable of recommending that England, France, and Germany should respectively confine their industry within their own frontiers. An intelligent working-man who has lately published an account of a visit to the United States is evidently deeply impressed by the precious argument that, as foreign commodities often partake of the nature of luxuries, the rich alone are interested in the unrestricted circulation of commodities. In ordinary life a man who deliberately confines his attention to his own wishes and interests is often found to be exceptionally imprudent and unsuccessful. Producers who have no scruple in tyrannizing over unwilling purchasers almost always forget that they are consumers in their turn. Mr. ODGER, in his recent letter to the *Times*, fairly represents the opinions which are probably held by the most intelligent and best-informed leaders of the Trade-Unions. Ashamed to admit that he favours protection, he hints at the fitness of enforcing reciprocity; and he

evidently thinks that the hardships of suffering branches of industry ought to be relieved by legislation. It is but fair to admit that Mr. ODGER repudiated the extravagant theories of trade which were, perhaps unintentionally, countenanced by Mr. APPLEGARTH and Mr. LUCRAFT.

If the garrison could afford to indulge in internal squabbles with the enemy at the gates, the petty Manchester movement would perhaps be scarcely a subject of regret. A large part of the present generation has probably taken Free-trade for granted, without understanding the reasons on which a sound commercial policy is founded. The conscious or unconscious knaves whom Mr. BRIGHT denounces will never be at a loss for simpletons on whose credulity and weakness they may practise. It is perhaps advisable that sound doctrines should from time to time be preached; and orthodoxy cannot be effectually propagated when there are no heretics to convince or to refute. It might have been foreseen that the ostensible operation of the French treaty would be unequal, if it is assumed that exports are more advantageous than imports. When two tariffs, of which one is moderate and the other extravagant, are simultaneously reduced, the removal of the more flagrant abuse will necessarily produce the more visible results. It would be satisfactory if the French people would buy more English goods; but it is at the same time certain that French wine and silk will not be imported except to meet the wants of English consumers. The principles of commercial exchange are so simple that they would be universally understood and accepted if private interests were not often opposed to the public good. It would be a benefit to the Coventry ribbon-weavers if every woman in England were compelled by law to wear a bonnet with a Coventry trimming; but the same result might be more easily and as cheaply attained by a tax on the whole community for the support of a single midland town. There is no room for a prolonged controversy either on protective duties or on a reciprocal system. If plain arguments fail to produce conviction, it only remains to end where Mr. BRIGHT began, by assuring the opponents of common sense that they are either knaves or simpletons.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

FOR the twentieth time the unintelligible war in Paraguay is terminated by a complete Brazilian victory. The result was probably foreseen when a Prince of the Blood took the command of the Brazilian army, like King DAVID or one of the later CÆSARS, to receive the submission of a defeated enemy. As LOPEZ has not been taken prisoner, resistance will continue in some of the remoter provinces; but it seems probable that the invaders have no longer to dread the opposition of an organized army. The personal charges against LOPEZ, which were naturally regarded as apocryphal when they rested only on the authority of his enemies, have recently been confirmed by victims of his cruelty. It only remains for future inquirers to ascertain how a half-mad tyrant has contrived during so many years to secure the attachment or implicit obedience of his countrymen. The people of Paraguay had, since the expulsion of the Spaniards from South America, maintained a distinctive character in the midst of the distracted States to the south and to the west. Exempt from military revolutions, and with a merely nominal constitution, they had lived in peace and apparent prosperity, and the family which had long exercised supreme power seemed likely to found an hereditary dynasty. It is still almost incredible that a despotic ruler who had never been threatened with revolt should have perpetrated the most extravagant cruelties on his subjects, including his own kindred. His position would apparently have been perfectly secure if he had not entangled himself in quarrels with the neighbouring States. The Republics at the mouth of the Plata desired access to the rivers of Paraguay, but they would scarcely have attempted to enforce their demands if they had not been urged on by Brazil. The Dictator of Paraguay attempted to prevent the establishment in Uruguay of a dominant faction which was supported by Brazilian arms, and the collisions which resulted were the pretext for the war which has proved fatal to the fortunes of LOPEZ. The Government of the Argentine Republic had a similar ground of dispute with Paraguay; but even in South America belligerents require a motive and an object, as well as an ostensible cause of war.

If a new Government, established under the protection of Brazil, reverses the exclusive policy which has hitherto prevailed in Paraguay, Buenos Ayres and the other ports of the Plata will profit largely by the trade with the interior of the

continent. The Jesuits, the Spanish Viceroy, and the Presidents who have successively governed Paraguay have for various reasons concurred in discouraging commercial intercourse. The Jesuits wished in good faith to guard the morality of their simple community of converts, while the uniform policy of Spain excluded all trade except with the Mother-country. FRANCIA and the LOPEZ family thought that in rendering their country self-dependent they were assuring their own power, and probably they persuaded themselves that they were also consulting the best interests of their countrymen. The commerce of Paraguay will consequently be an entirely new addition to the trade of the world. Indigenous tea, woods of various kinds, and probably quinine, will furnish the few remaining inhabitants with the means of paying for European cotton goods and cutlery. The object of Brazil in opening the navigation is rather political than commercial, for the communication between the Atlantic provinces and the outlying region of Matto Grosso will be most conveniently maintained by the waters of Paraguay. If, indeed, Brazil were an Empire in anything but in name, there would be plausible reasons for exercising a control over the internal navigation. Two of the greatest river basins in the world ought to render the Imperial dominions the most prosperous portion of the earth. Matto Grosso is traversed by affluents both of the Amazon River and of the Parana, and at some future time the two great rivers will probably be connected by canals. The experience of the recent war has proved that a Power which possesses a naval force can penetrate for hundreds of miles into the interior of Paraguay. It is not impossible that the real or supposed attainment of military glory may inspire the more active part of the Brazilian population with a healthy ambition. Those among them who claim a European descent may boast that their ancestors in the fifteenth century prosecuted enterprises of discovery and of commerce with almost unequalled energy and success. For the attainment of great results Brazil has only to explore and to colonize the countries which are already subject to the Imperial Crown. The territory which is known on the map under the collective name of Brazil is larger than the United States, better provided with internal navigation, and, on the average, perhaps even more productive. The happy accident which transferred the Royal House of BRAGANZA to a colonial possession of Portugal has hitherto secured Brazil against the pest of patriotic and military Presidents, and Rio is far enough from Washington to be beyond the reach of American dictation. The war with Paraguay, and the doubtful exploits of the Duke of CAXIAS, will furnish the rudiments of a national history, while the neighbouring Republics efface their landmarks once in three or four years by some glorious and transitory revolution. Notwithstanding the inequality of the respective forces, the maintenance during two or three campaigns of an army at a great distance from its resources implies a certain vigour and a capacity for organization. The trade of Brazil is considerable and susceptible of indefinite increase, and, in consequence of an exceptional interference with international law on the part of England, the Empire has been relieved from the scandal and risk of the slave trade. The chief impediment to the prosperity of Brazil is the difficulty of attracting immigrants. Neither the Spaniards nor the Portuguese are in modern times inclined to try their fortunes in new countries; and the Italians prefer the territory of the Argentine Republic.

The victorious allies have prudently attempted to consolidate their conquest by establishing a provisional Government, composed of conforming inhabitants of Paraguay. If the stories of the tyranny of LOPEZ are even partially true, there must have been numerous malcontents who would welcome emancipation from his power even at the cost of accepting foreign aid. The new Government of the Republic will enjoy the advantage of exclusive recognition by the Argentine Republic and by Brazil. It is also possible that the residue of the population may have abandoned the cause of LOPEZ; yet all the accounts of the war concur in representing the loyalty of the people of Paraguay as uniform and desperate. As long as LOPEZ and his immediate followers remain at liberty, the new Government will need the protection of a Brazilian army of occupation; and unless the native character is entirely changed, the presence of foreign soldiers will be fatal to the popularity of the nominees of Brazil. The statistics of Paraguay are little known, and the events of the war have for the most part been recorded only by the invaders. The country was probably in the most prosperous times but thinly inhabited; and in addition to losses by death and disease, whole districts have been

depopulated by the compulsory withdrawal of the inhabitants. The boundaries of Paraguay to the west are indistinctly defined, and it is not impossible that LOPEZ may still exercise real or nominal authority over the greater part of the Republic. On the whole, it may be doubted whether the conquered districts can be held unless they are reduced to the condition of a Brazilian province. A native Government will always be exposed to the attacks of patriots from the interior, even if the conquerors can rely on the fidelity of their partisans. If order can in any shape be maintained for a few years, commercial interests will probably become strong enough to protect themselves. The people of Paraguay may have been contented to remain poor as long as they were ignorant of their natural advantages; but when they have for a certain time experienced the convenience of unrestricted intercourse with Buenos Ayres, they will not be disposed to relapse into a patriarchal system of isolation. War has often been the precursor of trade, and even Brazilian armies will have done a service to civilization if they have taught their defeated enemies the benefits of buying and selling. It is unlucky that historical literature has hitherto not flourished in South America. An authentic account of the war, written by some competent observer who had not been tortured by LOPEZ, would be interesting and instructive.

THE SOVEREIGN.

THE voluminous correspondence on the mintage question has neither added to nor detracted from the considerations which induced us at the outset to condemn Mr. LOWE's project as essentially unsound. It has, however, brought out, especially from Lord OVERSTONE and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, some very clear illustrations of the principle on which our coinage is based. In substance there is no discrepancy between these two authorities, though there are a few words in Lord OVERSTONE's letter which have, as it seems to us, been so far misapprehended by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK as to produce on one point an apparent conflict.

It is to be noted that neither Lord OVERSTONE nor Sir JOHN LUBBOCK affects to pronounce a judgment upon the whole question. For different reasons, each of them abstains from saying whether the imposition of a seigniorage not exceeding the cost of coinage is or is not absolutely under all circumstances to be condemned, whether the charge be made by a reduction in the weight of the sovereign, or by the exaction of an additional payment from the person who brings gold bullion to be coined. For ourselves, we have no hesitation, for the reasons which we have already urged and for those which we are about to add, in saying that to charge seigniorage in either form is contrary to the sound principle on which our monetary system is founded; nor do we find anything in the letters to which we have referred antagonistic to this view. Lord OVERSTONE's reasoning is directed to one proposition only—namely, that you cannot reduce the weight of the sovereign as proposed, from 113 to 112 grains of fine gold, without tampering with the standard and violating good faith. He condemns utterly and absolutely the mode of charging a seigniorage which Mr. LOWE proposed—namely, the abstraction of one ounce from every hundred ounces of gold brought to the Mint. Apparently with the object of emphasizing this all-important position, Lord OVERSTONE expressly refuses to consider whether the other mode of charging a seigniorage without detracting from the weight of the sovereign is or is not just or expedient. So far does he carry his reticence that he will not even pronounce an opinion whether the charge of a seigniorage in either form would or would not alter the purchasing power of the sovereign. Whether it varied the purchasing value of the coin or not, it would unquestionably change the basis on which that purchasing value now rests, and it is against this that Lord OVERSTONE protests. In other words, it would change a bullion coin into a token coin; and Lord OVERSTONE insists that the security for the constant value of the pound should rest, as it does now, upon the fact that it means neither more nor less than 113 grains of gold duly certified by the stamp of the Mint, and not upon any refined considerations as to the effect which a charge of seigniorage might or might not have on the purchasing power of the sovereign. This of course is not, and was clearly not meant to be, an exhaustive discussion of the whole subject, but it is an unanswerable condemnation of the project which Mr. LOWE produced of reducing the gold in the sovereign from 113 to 112 grains. It is obvious that Lord OVERSTONE limited his observations to this single point on account of its paramount importance; but one cannot help regretting that he should have passed over the collateral issues of the con-

troversy as practically unworthy of discussion, at any rate at the present moment.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's letters very nearly cover the ground on which Lord OVERSTONE declined to enter. In his way, however, he is equally reticent. He also expressly declines to consider whether the imposition of a seigniorage in any shape is expedient or right as a practical measure, and confines himself to the purely scientific investigation of its influence on the purchasing power of the sovereign. His illustration is homely and happy, though in one respect his language might have been a little more guarded. "Suppose," he says, "the Government undertook to make shoes gratis. Shoes would be worth no more than shoe-leather, and if subsequently the Government imposed a charge of one per cent. for manufacture, shoes would become worth one per cent. more than before. So it is with coin; as long as Government coins gratis, coin and bullion will be of equal value; if Government charge one per cent. for coining, coin will become one per cent. more valuable than bullion."

This of course assumes that a manufactured article will sell for the cost of the raw material, plus the cost of manufacture—a proposition that needs to be qualified, as in another part of his letter Sir JOHN does qualify it, by the addition of the word "ordinarily." In fact, there may be times when the market is so glutted even with shoes that they can only be sold at something less than the cost price of material and manufacture; and this would occur still more frequently with coin, because the number of shoes which a man requires is pretty constant, while the number of sovereigns which he has occasion to use varies with the activity of his business, very much in the same ratio as the quantity of bank-notes in circulation varies from week to week. The fluctuation in the demand for notes, as shown by the Bank returns, is often very rapid and considerable, and there is no reason to suppose that the varying requirements of trade and agriculture do not cause equally important fluctuations in the demand for sovereigns. If, therefore, a sovereign issued subject to a mintage were to-day worth in exchange one per cent. more than the gold it contained, it does not follow that it would be worth as much to-morrow; and, to make Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's statement perfectly exact, we ought to say that, in the case supposed, the sovereign would always tend in the long run to a value one per cent. above bullion, subject to occasional depreciations, which could never exceed one per cent., because when they reached that point the possibility of melting would prevent any further fall, except perhaps to the minute extent of the incidental costs of the melting-pot.

We do not imagine that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK will take exception to our way of stating his theory, and so stated it gives, we believe, the exact scientific result of charging a seigniorage. There is another point on which Sir JOHN seems to think that he is at issue with Lord OVERSTONE. He says—and he is clearly right in saying—that if the weight of the sovereign is kept intact, and a mintage demanded from the bullionist who brings gold to be coined, this would raise the value of the coin by the amount of the charge; that is, it would raise it by some fluctuating quantity, of which the mintage charge would be the maximum value. This appreciation, he maintains, would be as great a wrong to debtors as a depreciation by reduction of weight would be to creditors, and he complains that Lord OVERSTONE appears to admit the justice of so raising the value of the pound, while he denies the justice of lowering it. As we read Lord OVERSTONE's letter, he does not admit anything of the kind. He simply insists on the one proposition, and is silent on the other, and, if this is the true construction, the supposed discrepancy vanishes. The result is, that Lord OVERSTONE demonstrates that a reduction in the weight of the sovereign, even for the cost of coinage, would be *pro tanto* an inadmissible debasement of the coin. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK proves that a charge of seigniorage without altering the sovereign would be equally unjust and inadmissible, and the result is, that in no form can seigniorage be charged without exchanging our metallic basis for a token basis, and, we may add, introducing the essential fluctuations of a token coinage. So far the doctrine is clear enough. But there is yet another point to which attention has been called by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and others. In point of fact, the Government does charge a mintage now, though a very small one. Nominally, the Mint gives 100 ounces of sovereigns for 100 ounces of gold, but it clogs the bargain with two conditions. First, it will only deal wholesale, and therefore introduces a retailer's profit between itself and all but the largest consumers. Secondly, it keeps its customers waiting, and any one who wants to effect an immediate exchange of gold for sovereigns must pay a money-lender's discount to some capitalist who will advance him sovereigns on the credit of his bullion. These two charges,

the retailer's profit and the money-lender's discount, are just as much seigniorage as if their equivalent were demanded in money, and, as a matter of fact, we know precisely what the amount is. Practically, the Bank of England is the only retailer and money-lender doing this particular kind of business, and its charge for so doing is $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per ounce, or about one-sixth per cent. According to the strict theory, this practice is wrong, and ought in fact to produce fluctuations in the market price of gold between the Mint price of $3l. 17s. 10\frac{1}{2}d.$ and the Bank price of $3l. 17s. 9d.$ Practically, we believe this margin is too small to create a market outside the Bank, and the fluctuations are consequently inappreciable. It would be very different if the mintage were raised sixfold, and if any change at all is made, it ought to be in the opposite direction, by requiring the Mint to pay $3l. 17s. 10\frac{1}{2}d.$ in cash for any amount of gold, however small, which might be brought to it for sale. We can do very well, no doubt, without this refinement, but it is one thing to tolerate a minute accidental departure from principle, and quite another to wander six times as far from the true direction, of malice aforethought.

THE LAUSANNE CONGRESS.

THE Lausanne philanthropists were perfectly consistent in choosing M. VICTOR HUGO as their President. No man of genius has ever displayed an equal capacity for inflated nonsense. His letter of acceptance and his address to the meeting are only more absurd than the rhapsodies of *The Laughing Man* because they purport to have a practical object. M. VICTOR HUGO's conception of the actual or possible state of the world is neither more nor less accurate than his belief that one Englishman was likely to be called Barkilphedro, and another Tomjimjack. A society of similar nondescripts might perhaps think that benevolence and wisdom dictated the wanton commencement of universal and internecine war as a preparatory step to universal peace. In adopting a scheme which had been propounded at previous meetings of the Congress, M. HUGO is content to dispense with the trivial credit of originality; and perhaps there is a kind of generosity in acknowledging that the disciples have anticipated their master in profligate extravagance of thought, or rather of language. It is, indeed, not even indispensable to the advocates of peace that the war for which they long should possess the comprehensive character which they prefer. Two years ago GARIBALDI, who is nothing if he is not a military adventurer, delivered a frantic speech at the opening of the Congress, and then immediately recrossed the Alps to accelerate the preparations of the campaign which ended miserably at Mentana. Almost any rebellion against constituted authority would meet the approval of the agitators who ultimately hope to overrun Europe with fire and sword. There is nothing new in the promise of lasting peace as the result of their bloody enterprise. There never was a conqueror who professed an intention of fighting for the sake of fighting after he had accomplished all his ambitious designs. MAHOMET offered unbelieving nations the alternative of conversion or of tribute; PHILIP II. would have been contented with absolute submission to Spain and with perfect conformity to Rome; and NAPOLEON amused his leisure at St. Helena by proving to admiring listeners that he had never undertaken a campaign except as a roundabout approach to the termination of war. The most exacting of domestic tyrants thinks that he would be satisfied if he had his own way in all things, and those who tremble at his frown have a better chance of conjecturing his wishes than the kings and priests and Custom-house officers who are to be the first victims of M. HUGO's fanciful wrath. A poet ought to be conscious that inability to see what really exists indicates a deficiency rather than an excess of imagination. The faculty which bodies forth the forms of things unknown, instead of leaving them in their pristine haziness, enables the poet to give to airy nothings, not a corresponding vagueness of expression, but a local habitation and a name. The name indeed of the United States of Europe is not wanting in M. HUGO's tirade; but the millennial state which is to follow from the triumph of the armed democracy is nebulous and altogether negative. There are to be no frontiers, and no sentry-boxes to mark them; but the same consummation was long since attained, not in the golden age, but under the Roman Empire. In the days of the CÆSARS proscribed politicians complained with pathetic justice that it was impossible to escape beyond the reach of the universal eagle. M. VICTOR HUGO has in his time found that there was some convenience in the separation of the Channel Islands from France. It is perhaps barely possible that in the United States of Europe

persecution and oppression might survive; and it is at least certain that there are more pressing evils than the incomplete unity of nations.

Fanatical declaimers cannot be expected to condescend to the recognition of improvements actually effected. Within the compass of M. HUGO's lifetime the barriers between different States have been in a great measure removed without the aid of any violent convulsion. Following the example of the country of Tomjimjack, one country after another has abandoned the perverse system of passports for foreigners; and under the same guidance great progress has been made in the removal of the complex impediments to commercial intercourse. In England at least the very existence of an army might almost be unknown to the bulk of the population but for the necessity of paying taxes. It is true that Custom-houses are still maintained, because they afford a convenient method of raising revenue; but, if they were not required for fiscal purposes, they might be shut up without interfering with the political independence of States. M. HUGO, who has never been able to imagine anything in advance of French arrangements, probably thinks it a law of nature that every old woman's basket should be searched for taxable commodities as often as she enters the gates of a town; but Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles are all integral portions of France, although their municipal frontiers are still rigorously guarded. If the inhabitants would consent to pay borough rates like the citizens of Liverpool or Manchester, the *octroi*, and the permanent civic frontier guard, might be abolished to-morrow. The founders and rulers of the European Federation might perhaps follow the example of the United States of America by surrounding their new Republic with an outwork of protective duties. If revolutionary orators were in danger of suffering from want of verbiage, American manufacturers would be prepared to supply them with innumerable sophisms to justify the shallow and selfish policy of exclusion; and they might study in the same quarter the arguments in favour of territorial aggression which circulate among the possessors of an unlimited domain. It would be troublesome to learn a lesson from a living republic. The prophets revered at Lausanne are not FRANKLIN and HAMILTON, but ROBESPIERRE, BARBEUF, and PROUDHON. A reign of terror and a civil war raging simultaneously throughout Europe are to end in the abolition of property, and in the establishment of universal equality.

Some of the speakers of Lausanne found fault with the workmen who lately met at Basle for their alleged indifference to the political conditions of their proposed social changes. It seems to the uninitiated that the two Congresses might as well have rolled themselves into one, as their objects, if not identical, are in no respect incompatible. The Basle reformers propose to annihilate the middle classes, to destroy capital, and to confiscate all landed property. If universal suffrage is not effective enough for mischief, they are ready and willing to resort to massacre, or, as they facetiously say, to venesection. VICTOR HUGO and his friends only differ from the International League by beginning with murder in theory as well as in practice. The mere slaughter of kings and priests which would have sufficed an earlier generation would be but the commencement of the great crusade of peace. When the last gentleman was strangled in the sinews of the last tradesman, the Peace Congress and its poetical President would see the way to the establishment of universal concord. The solitary glimpse of common sense in their proceedings consists in the admission that their enterprise is only to be achieved by force. It is evident that the whole fabric of historical civilization would not be overthrown without a struggle on the part of those who would be involved in the ruin. Once only in history a small part of the Basle and Lausanne revolution has been attempted and temporarily accomplished, and the consequence to France has been the impossibility, during seventy years, of combining freedom with order. ROBESPIERRE himself, though he maintained a blundering conflict with the laws of political economy, contented himself with partial exactions and with arbitrary limitations of prices. In the Basle and Lausanne Utopia there will be no property to tax, and apparently no buyers or sellers. The English revolutionists, who enjoyed at Basle a monopoly of economic perception, insisted on the cultivation of land for the common benefit of parishes or townships; and probably their scheme might find favour at Lausanne, if the Peace Congress took the trouble to consider any practical question. If Paris were suffering under a dearth of corn, it may be doubted whether the rural communes in the neighbourhood, having taken the place of private landowners, would either supply the want without payment, or submit to the imposition of a maximum price. The

attempt to enforce obedience to the demands of the capital would require the employment of soldiers; and the era of wars and tumults would recommence in spite of prophecy. If Communism is to be free from the consequences of property, it must be universal, and not a mere conglomeration of local copartnerships; yet a centralized ownership of the entire territory of France or of Europe would require an administration of extraordinary vigour. The most thoroughgoing Socialists have always understood that their system could only be administered by despotic power. COMTE invented a kind of Pope who was also to exercise the functions of Emperor; and FOURIER, with Parisian indifference to etymology, placed an Omniarch at the head of his world of *phalansteres*. If the HUGO experiment were tried, there must be a ruler as much more absolute than the Sovereigns of Europe as the power of NAPOLEON exceeded the prerogative of LOUIS XVI. It is a proof of the unsoundness of the political condition of Europe that turgid and reckless projectors should be able, not only to publish their chimerical schemes, but to cause great and reasonable alarm. Even in England it is not known whether Mr. DISRAELI'S constituencies would discourage the wildest revolution.

THE AMNESTY AGITATION.

AS soon as Parliament meets, and very possibly before that time, HER MAJESTY'S Government will have to give a categorical answer to a demand for a "complete and unconditional amnesty to the imprisoned Fenians." Under these circumstances it may be well to consider what it is that the Government are asked to do, and what are the reasons urged in favour of their doing it. The request is that a number of men taken, quite recently, in open insurrection, shall receive a free pardon. It is not alleged that they were in any way misguided, or deceived, or led away by an enthusiasm of which they have since repented. Not one of them, so far as we know, has asked to be forgiven, and those of their fellows who have already been set free have taken especial pains to proclaim their undying hatred of the Government by whose clemency they have profited. Nor is it alleged that the organization of which they are members is no longer formidable. It still exists in the United States, and it has certainly not intimated any intention of abandoning its designs on Ireland. The extent of its powers of mischief may be uncertain, but whatever they were in 1867, that, so far as regards the United States, they are in 1869. The ordinary reasons, therefore, in favour of granting an amnesty are entirely wanting. The prisoners themselves are not repentant, the insurrectionary organization with which they are connected has not become contemptible.

In this difficulty we naturally turn for information to the speeches delivered last Monday in Trafalgar Square. An Irish county member may be supposed to represent some amount of respectable opinion on the subject, and though the meeting over which Mr. G. H. MOORE presided does not seem to have differed much from those remarkably unimportant demonstrations of which the base of the NELSON column is occasionally the scene, the Chairman's own remarks may perhaps furnish us with what we are in search of. Mr. MOORE declared himself the spokesman of "that part of the English people who have no other 'popular rights but those of meeting and of petition.'" Before the last Reform Bill this might have passed for a telling sneer at the narrowness of the franchise, but we miss the point of identifying the petitioners with those members of the community who are neither householders nor lodgers. It gives a suspicion of vagrancy to the proceedings which, considering that a majority of those present were probably registered voters, must be set down as an instance of the pride that apes humility. Mr. MOORE then defines the object of the petitioners to be the release of a body of their fellow-countrymen "who have no doubt offended against the Government and against the law, but who," the petitioners are of opinion, "have already been punished far more than enough." The fact that their punishment has been excessive is proved to Mr. MOORE'S satisfaction by three considerations—"first, that the Government against which 'they rose was a bad Government; secondly, that their objects were honourable objects; thirdly, that they did not stain their cause or their purpose by a single act of spoliation or social outrage." "They have been convicted," cried Mr. MOORE, "for treason-felony. I admit the treason, but I deny the felony." If they have been misled it has been by a light from heaven, by "the same light that has led the people of England to their present liberties over many a rough step of danger and suffering."

This argument is mainly founded on a false theory of criminality. It is true that a resolution subsequently passed admitted "the right and the duty of the Executive to repress and punish 'all illegitimate resistance to its authority,'" but it is obvious, from the tenor of the speeches, either that the meeting did not generally agree with the doctrine put forward in its name, or did not regard the Fenian outbreak as an instance of "illegitimate resistance." If the latter explanation is the true one, then the more urgent and extensive is the demand for the release of the prisoners the weaker becomes the case for yielding to it. The existence of any considerable number of persons who see nothing "illegitimate" in the attempt to establish an Irish Republic is in itself an argument that the matter is too serious to be trifled with. We do not imagine that the Irishmen present in Trafalgar Square are very formidable enemies in themselves. But they, and such as they, are just the material which might become annoying under the double influence of accredited leaders and an apparent victory over the Government. The release of the Fenian prisoners would supply both wants—men surrounded with the halo of suffering for the good cause, and ground for believing that the Government had been afraid to detain them, even when it had them in its power. If the Fenian outbreak was not an act of illegitimate resistance, why should it not be repeated on the first opportunity? If it had been aimed at the Irish Church, its authors might have been disarmed by disestablishment. If it had been aimed at the Irish Land system, they might yet be disarmed by the coming Land Bill. But it was aimed at something distinct from these, something which no addition to the Statute Book will touch—the existence of Ireland as an integral member of the British monarchy. There is nothing in the fact that Parliament has determined upon the application of remedial legislation to Irish grievances to make the guilt of such an attempt less heinous. Rather, one object of the Liberal party in initiating such legislation was that it might put down rebellion with clean hands and an unflinching heart. When Irish questions were approached in the light supplied by the Fenian insurrection, it was obvious that there was an immense amount of passive sympathy with Fenianism which could be traced to specific grievances, and might therefore be met by specific remedies. The true policy for Ireland was to deal with this element separately from the Fenianism with which it was accidentally associated. The Conservatives made the great mistake of lumping the two elements of the problem together. They made no distinction between passive and active sympathy, and proposed to put both down by main force. Those Liberals, if any there be, who desire the release of the Fenian prisoners, are guilty of a similar error in an opposite form. They, too, lump the two elements together, and propose to cure negative discontent and positive republicanism by one and the same course of mild alteratives.

It is probable, however, that some of Mr. MOORE'S hearers on Monday have been led away by the sentimental distinction between political and other crimes, and do not in their hearts admit that resistance to the Government is an offence deserving of serious punishment. This confusion of thought is partly traceable to the variety of forms which such resistance has assumed in Europe during the last half-century. Englishmen have sympathized so heartily with insurgents of all kinds that some of them now feel guilty of a certain inconsistency in condemning, when directed against their own Government, what they have praised when directed against other Governments. To politicians who hold that the mere caprice or fancy of a people is a sufficient justification for the overthrow of its Government or the transfer of its allegiance, this contradiction may be a real stumbling-block. But to those more rational thinkers who hold that insurrection is never an open question, that the right to rebel can never exist except when it is also a duty to rebel, and that this duty can only arise when the grievances are so serious as to deprive constitutional government of its meaning, and when all other methods of gaining redress have been tried without success, the difficulty has nothing serious in it. The presumption is always against insurrection, and unless in the particular instance that presumption admits of being rebutted, no solid argument can be brought forward against visiting the offenders with exemplary penalties, except such as hold good against all excessive punishments whatsoever. We are brought, therefore, to this dilemma. Either the Fenian insurrection was justifiable, or it was not. If it was justifiable, the English Government is to blame for keeping those concerned in it in gaol. But then it was equally to blame for putting them there in the first instance, and for offering any opposition to their legitimate endeavours. Before

Mr. MOORE tries to convince Englishmen that they ought to release the prisoners as an act of mercy, he should set to work to establish that they ought to release them as an act of justice. Till then we must ask leave to fall back upon the other alternative, and to hold that the Fenian insurrection was not justifiable. To admit this, and yet to maintain that even its leaders do not deserve any heavier penalties than they have already suffered, involves an utter misconception of the end for which punishment is inflicted. If a crime against the State affects men with none of that repugnance which is called forth by commonplace offences, and is even surrounded in the eyes of some with an air of fictitious romance, it is the more necessary that the law should create that association of ideas which does not naturally present itself, in order that the measure of the penalty may in time become the measure of the guilt.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPENDITURE.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Commons was appointed, as we all know, to inquire into the causes of the prodigious expenditure on the Abyssinian war. The total of that expenditure will probably exceed 9,000,000*l.*, and the expenditure on transports was 3,300,000*l.* In several instances the amount paid for the hire of steamships exceeded their fee-simple value, and the extra price paid on discharging vessels at Bombay exceeded what would have been the cost of navigating them to England. Yet, in the opinion of the officers who engaged these transports, the arrangements which they made were prudent and economical, and could not be improved, except in trivial details, if they had to be made over again. Indeed we are assured that the rate of expenditure in this war, which we think enormous, has been exceeded in wars which occurred before it, and the nation is desired to believe that it has got off rather easily in only having to pay 3,300,000*l.* for carrying a force of 13,000 fighting men, with its baggage, provisions, and transport animals, to Abyssinia and back.

One feature common to all our wars is that the money which we pour forth so profusely never finds its way into the pockets of the fighting men. Neither army nor navy is one penny the better for this vast expenditure, and the navy may well complain that, while it has many ships and officers unemployed, it should be deemed necessary to engage other ships and officers to carry the army to Abyssinia. There is at this moment a fleet of wooden screw men-of-war lying in Porchester Lake, which were condemned as useless for fighting purposes while they were still mostly new ships. Of course it was totally impossible to make these ships available for transport purposes. The ships were not ready, and there were no crews to man them, and there could not be unless money to pay these crews had been voted in the Estimates for the year. Above all, transport was wanted in a hurry; for, again, it was totally impossible to foresee this Expedition until it was time to put the troops on board. The respectable veteran who presides over the Transport Service was asked whether it would not have been advisable for him to have gone into the City to inquire the price of freight; but that, once more, was totally impossible. We can easily believe that he would have felt a good deal safer in the Bay of Biscay than on the Royal Exchange, and would think breakers much less dangerous than brokers. He advertised for tenders for steam-shipping, and also determined to purchase 10,000 tons of coal in the Thames. Hereupon somebody turned up who claimed to supply this coal under a contract made at the time of the Crimean war, which finished eleven years before. Rear-Admiral MENDS informs us that "it was considered undeniable that this contractor could claim to supply the coal." The Admiral, being informed that the Expedition would consist of about 13,000 fighting-men, "roughly estimated" the shipping necessary to float it at 132,000 tons. The shipping actually employed was 301,386 tons. The Admiral, being imperfectly acquainted with the customs of the land service, did not allow for followers. The total number of men carried to Abyssinia exceeded 42,000, so that it was more than three times the number of combatants. But then, although the Admiral did not know it, every individual of this host of followers was necessary. That part of the Admiral's arrangements which appeared most questionable was his sending a supply of coal to the Cape of Good Hope in steamers, at a total cost of 6*l.* 9*s.* per ton. But this, again, if civilians could only see it, was an indispensable precaution. Certain steamers for hospital and transport purposes were to be sent to Bombay. If they carried nothing else, they could carry enough coal to steam all the way. But

the War Office wanted some of them to carry stores; and, besides, if they had not taken in coal at the Cape, they must have taken in ballast, and so it was deemed advisable to send coal in other steamers to the Cape to meet them. There was no coal at the Cape when the expedition was commenced. Coal was sent to the Cape at a total cost of 6*l.* 9*s.* per ton, and it remained there unconsumed when the expedition was completed, and the transports had been all discharged. We are assured that it was not true, as had been reported, that a steamer consumed half her cargo of coal in her voyage out, and wanted the other half for her voyage home. The Admiral was forced to admit that sailing a fleet of transports was more in his line than hiring them, and it is very easily credible that a civilian of business habits might manage the Transport Department better than a naval officer.

But the matters which the Committee of the House of Commons laboriously investigated were, after all, comparatively speaking, trifles. The total of transport hire for ships engaged in England amounted to 606,135*l.*, and the total of transport hire for ships engaged in India amounted to 2,766,017*l.*, making a total of 3,372,152*l.* If the sharpest man of business in the City had been in Admiral MENDS's place, he could have exercised no control whatever over nine-elevenths of the expenditure in transports. In England some precautions more or less effectual were taken against overcharges, but in India all the ships afloat seem to have been engaged at whatever prices the owners chose to ask. And this again we suppose was absolutely unavoidable. The terms of the Admiral's contracts were certainly remarkable. A ship was engaged, say, at 2*l.* per ton per month, and it was provided that if she should be discharged at Bombay, she should be paid, say 10*s.* per ton per month extra. The ship was employed for ten or eleven months, and being then discharged at Bombay, she became entitled to be paid at the rate of 2*l.* 10*s.* per ton per month for the whole time. There was, indeed, an option of discharging the ship in England, paying at the rate of 2*l.* per ton per month for the whole period of engagement, including the homeward voyage; and, in at least one instance, this method would have been cheaper, and it would besides have used up some of the coal which Admiral MENDS had sent to the Cape. But of course the cheaper method was not adopted, and we have little doubt that if the Committee sits again next Session, some officer of some department will explain that there was an excellent reason for not adopting it. The Admiral, as soon as he had time to think at all, thought that his contracts for paying an advanced rate per ton per month in case of discharge at Bombay were improvident, and he applied to the shipowners to substitute a lump sum. The shipowners were good enough to name a sum, which of course exceeded the utmost amount which they would be likely to get by the advanced rate. The notion that the Government could have bought steamships instead of hiring them is put aside by Admiral MENDS as extravagantly impracticable. There were three ships of what is playfully termed OVEREND, GURNEY, and Co.'s fleet, for which the Government paid, for about twelve months' hire, 136,123*l.*, and which were sold on leaving this lucrative employment for 50,000*l.* But this fact, however in itself interesting, has no bearing upon the question whether the Admiral did his duty in his office. That duty was not to buy ships, but to hire them, and if the Admiral had bought these ships, where could he have found crews for them? That question is put by the Admiral as what is familiarly called a "stumper." Indeed, if the Admiralty or their subordinates had bought these ships, we have not the least doubt that by some means or other they would have lost money on them. Admiral MENDS thinks that, "if the Government had gone into the market to buy so many thousands of tons of shipping, it would have been a very serious matter"; and we think so too.

Among other explanations of the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual cost of this expedition, it has been stated by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that he and his advisers "roughly" set the value of unused stores against the cost of carrying back the troops. "There was a general idea that there would, of course, be an expense in bringing back the troops." Let us imagine a vacation tourist saying that he had "a general idea" that if he went to Germany he would have to come back again or to stay where he was. Yet this is the way in which a former Secretary of State is content to talk before a Parliamentary Committee. There would, "of course," be an expense in coming home, but then the troops would not use the stores which had been sent to them abroad, and those stores could be brought home and sold to pay the expense of bringing home the troops. Thus Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE "roughly" calculated, having as much capacity

for the financial direction of a war as a school-girl of eighteen has for housekeeping when she "roughly" calculates that she and her intended husband can live genteelly in Tyburnia on love and 200*l.* a year. The rough calculations of the Secretary of State and his advisers never by any accident were right, and this one was the most lamentably wrong of all. When we ask why the transports were kept so long on pay, we are told that they waited outside Bombay harbour to land returned stores. The harbour was so choked with shipping that these stores could not be landed, and, if they could, they could not have been sold. So they were thrown into the sea. They had better have been burned on shore. A great quantity of stores was abandoned in Abyssinia, and, if the whole had been abandoned, the country would have saved money which it now has to pay. We began this undertaking with the rough calculations of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and we end it with a minute investigation by a Parliamentary Committee into the question whether the crews of certain transports did not use the QUEEN'S coals to cook their dinners. It is to be feared that our beginning and our end will be equally barren of practical utility.

DR. CUMMING, OF SCOTLAND.

DR. CUMMING has met the common fate of those who play with edged tools, and if he is found to suffer less than might have been expected from the POPE's letter to Archbishop MANNING, it will only be from a certain thickness of his ecclesiastical skin, which enables him to sustain with indifference rebukes which to more sensitive temperaments would be extremely galling. The Papal letter bristles all over with neat little points. To begin with, there is an implied snub in the very designation of Dr. CUMMING. He is credited with neither local habitation nor professional distinction. There is no concession of that representative character which Dr. CUMMING seemed to claim for himself. He is not recognised as the Auto-Protestant, the highest incarnation of the principle which animates in various lower forms the Protestant Churches of Europe. He is simply "Dr. CUMMING, of Scotland"—as who should say, "SMITH, of England." Nor is the way in which the POPE has heard of his application at all satisfactory. There has been no sudden conference with Cardinal PATRIZZI, no puzzled inspection of the "accus-tomed ecclesiastical Latin," no carefully weighed letter to the Cardinal, desiring him to convey such and such replies to his illustrious correspondent. It would not be difficult to construct the kind of answer which would have suited Dr. CUMMING's views. A phrase or two implying that the POPE had carefully studied the latest Apocalyptic Almanac put forth from Crown Court a graceful hint at a European reputation, a pious and flattering wish that so great a soul might still be won to the Catholic Church—this, accompanied with a handsomely-bound copy of the Syllabus, with the POPE's autograph on the fly-leaf, would have agreeably tickled Dr. CUMMING's vanity, and have been exactly the communication he would have liked to send to the newspapers. Alas! in place of it there is this simple notification:—"We have seen from 'the newspapers . . . that Dr. CUMMING, of Scotland . . . has written to us." The POPE does not care to see what Dr. CUMMING has written. He has read enough about him in "the newspapers" to tell him all he wants to know on that subject. It is evident, without waiting for more authentic information, that the gist of his inquiry is whether non-Catholics will be allowed to argue at the approaching Council, and on that point the POPE is willing to satisfy him without any unnecessary delay.

The POPE is at no trouble to conceal that he thinks the question perfectly needless. "If," he begins, "the inquirer 'knows what is the belief of Catholics with respect to the infallibility of the Church,' he must know that the Church 'cannot permit errors which it has carefully considered, 'judged, and condemned, to be again brought under discussion.' This man, the POPE seems to say, puts himself forward as a representative controversialist, and yet he plainly shows that he is ignorant of the most elementary facts concerning the belief he desires to confute. He has not yet learned that the Catholic Church claims to be infallible. His acquaintance with ecclesiastical Latin has not enabled him to construe 'Roma locuta est; causa finita est.' The Church, my good Dr. CUMMING, was not born yesterday. These little fallacies which you parade with so much self-satisfaction have all been considered, judged, and condemned, long before you were thought of. You have found out nothing new, you are not even original in your errors. If you really wish an answer

to your difficulties you can find it in a long succession of printed books from the sixteenth century downwards. What would you say of a scientific society which devoted the rare occasions of its meeting to hearing arguments against the law of gravitation or the rotundity of the earth? Even the progress you talk so much about demands that some questions shall be considered as disposed of when men meet for serious discussion. Let it be granted, however, that Dr. CUMMING does not know what is the "belief of Catholics" about infallibility, still the POPE cannot hold him excused of having troubled him without just cause. The very thing he wants to ascertain "has already been made known by our letters." Dr. CUMMING's want of acquaintance with theology may be pardoned. That is a subject which requires study, and a consciousness of ignorance to start with. But, defective as his erudition may be, he can read, and mere reading might have informed him that the so-called invitation to non-Catholics on which he professes to base his inquiry places "the primary and leading authority 'of PETER beyond the hazard of disputation.' If Dr. CUMMING will but read 'what we ourselves have written . . . he 'will at once perceive that no room can be given at the Council for the defence of errors which have already been 'condemned'; and consequently, as Dr. CUMMING is not likely to discover any new ones, there is no need for him to trouble himself further.

Nor will the POPE admit that any encouragement has ever been given to Dr. CUMMING to undertake the journey to Rome. The invitation was meant to bear a spiritual signification. It was the theological, not the local, Rome to which non-Catholics were urged to come. Dr. CUMMING was never asked to discuss with the Fathers of the Vatican; he was merely invited to think about his own melancholy condition. If he had been minded to do this, the Council would have given him and his friends an opportunity "to satisfy the wants of their souls by withdrawing them from 'a state in which they cannot be sure of their salvation.' It was for their own good that they were addressed, and if they have been foolish enough to interpret this solicitude for their spiritual welfare into an anxiety for their bodily presence, the POPE is not responsible for their blunder. Even now, indeed, the place of repentance is still open to them. Conversion to Rome is not so difficult a process as Protestants think. They have but to "perceive their own danger"—in other words, beg the principal question in dispute—and they "will easily 'cast away all preconceived and adverse opinions." It must be admitted, however, that either from malice or inadvertence the POPE seems to have excluded Dr. CUMMING from profiting by this short and easy method. It is by "laying aside all 'desire of disputation" that non-Catholics are to "return 'to the Father from whom they have long unhappily gone 'astray"; and to tell Dr. CUMMING to lay aside all desire of disputation is like telling the Ethiopian to change his skin. Still, in the POPE's estimation, the age of miracles is not past, and Dr. CUMMING of Scotland may be reserved for a special exhibition of this kind.

We are not wholly free from anxiety lest the closing sentence of the POPE's letter may give rise to a misconception on Dr. CUMMING's part similar to that to which he has already been a victim. The POPE invited non-Catholics to return to their Roman father, and Dr. CUMMING interpreted this into an invitation to come to Rome next December and have a friendly chat with the bishops. Now the POPE says that if non-Catholics will return, he, on his part, "will joyfully run to meet them." It would hardly surprise us if Dr. CUMMING were to see in this a promise that, if he will telegraph to say that he has started, the POPE will come half way to meet him—as far, say, as Geneva. As we do not desire that our countryman should come in for any more ridicule than he has already brought upon himself, we think it well to warn him that this is not the meaning of the POPE's words. Perhaps, however, Dr. CUMMING has already awoke from the pleasing but delusive dream in which he saw himself confronted face to face with the successor of St. PETER, and proving, to his own satisfaction and that of the congregation in Crown Court, that on the points whereon any difference exists between them, Pope PIUS, of Rome, is wrong, and Dr. CUMMING, of Scotland, is right. On the whole, his admirers may be congratulated that they have been spared the exhibition. Dr. CUMMING has so repeatedly pledged himself to the position that there is essential union among Protestants, that he would have been forced to do his best to make it good; and we can hardly imagine a more unpleasing task than that of making it clear to the POPE's mind that to no one who does not see eye to eye with Dr. CUMMING can the name of Protestant be

properly applied. A theory of this kind had much better be expounded in the congenial atmosphere of the logician's own chapel.

THE BYRON CASE.

THE appearance of Lord Lindsay's second letter, published in the *Times* of Saturday last, induces us to break the silence on the Byron case which we had intended to maintain until the promised appearance of Mrs. Stowe's vindication of the "True Story." Lord Lindsay's personal character, the impartial and unprejudiced attitude which he holds towards the parties concerned, and the ability of his letter alike demand that, if we cannot accept his arguments, we should state the grounds upon which we are compelled to refuse assent to them.

For argument's sake—and it certainly clears the ground—Lord Lindsay assumes that substantially Mrs. Stowe only repeats what Lady Byron told her in 1856. The dispute is, therefore, narrowed; and, as Lord Lindsay fairly enough states it, the question is whether what Lady Byron communicated to Mrs. Stowe in 1856 is at variance with what she communicated to Lady Anne Bernard in 1818; and further, whether an absolute impossibility is not established that Lady Byron could, at the time of the separation in 1816, have entertained the particular charge which she preferred in 1856. We do not desire the issue to be more fairly stated; and, as so stated, we shall meet it, following Lord Lindsay's successive stages of argument.

1. The carriage scene on the wedding-day. In our last article we adduced reasons for coming to the very opposite conclusion from Lord Lindsay's on this matter. We still assert that there is no substantial difference between the two accounts. To establish their inconsistency they should both be authenticated by the same narrator at first hand. If we had two documents, one written by Lady Byron in 1818, and another written by Lady Byron in 1856, and if we found Lady Byron writing one thing in 1818 and another in 1856, we should say that there was an inconsistency. What, however, we have is the account of two narrators, each giving the substance of two different oral communications; and we maintain that the differences are so slight, and the general agreement so complete between the two versions, that the separate accounts confirm, rather than confute, each other. In other words, we apply to these two documents the familiar method by which history and criticism are enabled to reconcile narratives of the same facts which come to us through different channels.

2. The inconsistency between the two versions of the separation given respectively in 1816-18 and in 1856—"expulsion" assigned by Lady Byron in 1856, and voluntary "secession" assigned by Lady Byron in 1816. On which we remark that the "expulsion" view is not Lady Byron's at all. It is Mrs. Stowe's colouring laid on Lady Byron's much plainer statement. What Lady Byron said was only this—"Lord Byron had signified to me in writing, January 6, his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix." In Mrs. Stowe's cock-a-hoop talk this very simple announcement, which might have been prompted by the executions in the house, is expanded into "She was informed by him in a note, that as soon as she was able to leave that [sic] she must go, that he could not and would not longer have her about him." If there is an inconsistency, it is owing to Mrs. Stowe's silly habit of using fine words, not to any discrepancy in statement on Lady Byron's part.

3. The inconsistency between the two alleged facts—first, that Lord Byron "informed Lady Byron of an amour with his sister," the statement of 1856; and secondly, that Lady Byron "invited and kept Mrs. Leigh with her as much as possible for her own protection, Byron having attempted to corrupt her own principles"—a statement which we have been unable to trace, but the accuracy of which we do not care to question. On this we have to remark that Mrs. Stowe nowhere states that Lord Byron "informed" his wife of his crime, or, as it has been elsewhere expressed, "communicated his guilty secret to his wife." What Mrs. Stowe states is by no means so plain and explicit as this. What she means it would be hard to say; what she says is couched in a very high-flown phrase—"there came an hour of revelation—an hour, when in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth" &c. This may possibly mean that Lord Byron himself divulged and confessed his crime to his wife; but if this is what Mrs. Stowe means, it is a great pity that she has not sufficient command of plain intelligible English to convey her meaning. It may also mean, and we think that it does mean, that Lady Byron found out the amour, and that she had distinct proofs of it. But this difficulty comes of writing novels, and using fine words instead of simple ones. Mrs. Stowe might have said "Lady Byron discovered the crime," or "Lord Byron avowed and divulged the crime." Instead of which she says, "there came an hour of revelation," which may mean anything, or, if we like, nothing. We should like to hint to Mrs. Stowe in Pope's words,

Plain truth, dear Beecher, needs no flowers of speech,

and that when you are making the gravest charge under the gravest responsibilities, that charge ought to be laid in the simplest and baldest language, even the unimpassioned language of the special pleader's or conveyancer's office. But further. Lord

Lindsay cannot believe "that Lady Byron would court the constant company of her husband's paramour, his own sister, at the time when she was endeavouring to attract and confirm his affection towards herself." Neither can we. But who says, or what proof is there, that this was the case? The solution of this alleged difficulty is transparently simple. Lady Byron invited and kept Mrs. Leigh in her house in the early days of her marriage, and for her own protection, for Lord Byron's assaults on her principles commenced with her marriage. But this was before the "hour of revelation," be it that the revelation was in the form of discovery on the wife's part or of avowal on the husband's. Lord Lindsay assumes what he has no right to assume when he says that Lady Byron kept Mrs. Leigh about her after the "hour of revelation." Once more Lord Lindsay asks:—How comes it that Lady Byron, so lofty in mind and so heroic in will as to have wished, even after the "hour of revelation," to live with her husband in order to work out his redemption from this damning sin, should suddenly give up the point after the birth of her child, and abandon her husband? For this reason—because, after the birth of her child, Mr. Lushington had advised that her duty to God and man demanded her to enforce the separation.

4, 5, 6 may be treated together as parts of the same argument. The strength of Lord Lindsay's case is here, and he comes, not apparently without hesitation, to the conclusion against the hallucination theory, and subsides into the conviction that Mrs. Stowe must have misunderstood Lady Byron in 1856. To which it is obvious to answer, that whatever Mrs. Stowe may be, she is not likely to have misunderstood Lady Byron on the main fact of the "True Story." If Mrs. Stowe misunderstood Lady Byron, so did a great many other people. Mr. Francis Trench—not Dean Trench, as Lord Lindsay writes—the Archbishop of Dublin's brother, states distinctly that Lady Byron told the same story, and gave the same account of the causes of the separation which she gave to Mrs. Stowe, to many other persons—all of whom kept her secret, which Mrs. Stowe did not. Lord Lindsay observes that the secret which, according to Mr. Trench, Lady Byron imparted to many persons at different periods of her life, could not have been of the aggravated nature now supposed. But Mr. Trench says that this is exactly what it was:—"Mrs. Stowe was not anything like an exclusive or even a rare depositary of the statement which she (Mrs. Stowe) has made." (Mr. Trench to the *Times*, September 15.) Besides this, many writers—from whom we select the vigorous writer of a high-toned letter in the *Times*, "A Reader of Byron's Letters," which appeared in the same number with Lord Lindsay's second letter—declare that the accusation of incest with his half-sister was known to all Byron's familiar associates. Our own inquiries among those who were Byron's contemporaries bear out this very important assertion. The charge, whether true or false, dates from 1816, not from 1856. Lord Lindsay proceeds:—Lady Byron could not have entertained belief in her husband's incest in 1816, because she expressed great tenderness and affection for him in 1816-18; because, in talking and writing to Lady Anne Bernard, no trace of the charge exists; because Lord Wentworth states, and Messrs. Wharton and Fords state, that a certain MS. left at her death by Lady Byron—which, without a shadow of proof or evidence, Lord Lindsay assumes, and we must say unjustifiably assumes, to be the paper Lady Byron showed Mrs. Stowe—did not contain this heinous charge. As to the first point, that Lady Byron could not have believed in her husband's crime while she at the same time retained her affection for him, this is a mere *a priori* view, and therefore worthless. Mrs. Stowe's story is a piece of evidence. She says, as a matter of fact, that this is just what Lady Byron did. She says that Lady Byron's idiosyncrasy was very peculiar; that she had a strange religious view about the co-existence of an angel and a devil in a human character; that, like Mr. Disraeli, she went in for the angelic half; that she was assured of Byron's ultimate redemption; that, being so assured, it was her duty to conceal the whole truth as long as she could. We admit that this shows that Lady Byron's was a very exceptional character indeed, but it is not an impossible one. Mrs. Stowe states as a fact that this was her character, and that she acted in accordance with these very strange views. And we must say that, if this was her character, she acted in entire consistency with it. It is no answer to this to say that such a character is an impossibility. As to the rest, we are surprised that a person of Lord Lindsay's good sense cannot see that Lady Byron's half-confidence given to Lady Anne, her half-revelations on the publication of Moore's Memoirs, her half-revelations in the unknown documents seen by Lord Wentworth and Messrs. Wharton and Fords, prove absolutely nothing. We can quite understand, and we see a score of reasons for the fact, that Lady Byron, generally speaking, never told the whole truth. Writing in 1830, on the publication of Moore's book, she says distinctly, "It is not now my intention to disclose the circumstances of my marriage further than may be indispensably requisite for"—what?—"the vindication of my parents." "Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me." Is it so very rare, or so very wrong, a thing only to tell half the truth when to tell the whole truth would do a vast deal of harm? We can conceive a thousand conversations, letters, and documents emanating from Lady Byron which spoke of many troubles of the marriage, and yet said nothing of the incest. But a thousand or two thousand such documents would not show that there was not something behind, and worse, which, for reasons good or bad, Lady Byron still

thought proper to hide. Lady Byron told Lady Anne many of her sorrows; therefore she told them all; therefore one greater sorrow never could have existed. Merely to state this weakest of all arguments, that to divulge half the truth is inconsistent with knowing the whole truth, is to confute it. Put a parallel case. A woman is robbed and ravished; there may be most forcible reasons why she should say nothing of the rape, though she often referred to the robbery. Therefore, because she always talked of the robbery, the rape never existed. This is Lord Lindsay's argument.

We have said that there was an abundance of reasons why Lady Byron should systematically, and for so many years, tell only half the truth. First, there were her very peculiar theories about the co-presence of angel and devil in the human creature; next, there was her perpetual fear for her child's safety in early years, and after Byron's death her apprehensions, sufficiently well-grounded, that if the whole truth were known it would be disgrace, and perhaps death, to her daughter; and there was, as the writer in *Temple Bar* acutely suggests, the probable existence of a distinct pledge on her part, given in writing to her husband at the time of the separation, that she never would, during his life, divulge the whole truth—a pledge which Byron of course found it convenient to destroy. And there may be, we think, a further reason the existence of which we cannot prove, but which we suggest as highly probable, furnishing as it does a key which fits into all the wards of Lady Byron's life. But to state it, which seems most convenient in this place, will bring us in face of Lord Lindsay's eighth argument.

Much has been urged, and in a very proper spirit, on behalf of Mrs. Leigh. Her character as a married woman, except in this matter, has not, we are told, been impugned; she lived reputably with her husband, who certainly was not good for much; but she is said, though very poor, to have been always respectable. Can it be believed that a woman like this can have been what the "True Story" states her to have been? Is it in the nature of things that, if she had committed incest with her half-brother, that half-brother's wife would have maintained intercourse with her after the revelation of her sin, and would have befriended her and the child of that sin to the end? Now we think it is not difficult to suppose that after the "hour of revelation" poor Mrs. Leigh did really, seriously, and earnestly repent of her great crime, and that this repentance and contrition especially endeared her to Lady Byron. Forgiving, as she did, the brother, she would most naturally forgive the sister. Such repentance on the sister's part would be the exact thing to attract Lady Byron's compassion and love, if her character was what Mrs. Stowe describes it to be, and what moreover Lady Anne Barnard proves it to have been, in entire harmony with the True Story. Remorse, even when merely imaginary, as it certainly was in Byron's case, though to the last his wife believed in its existence, exercised a most powerful and subduing influence on Lady Byron. What must it have done, if our suggestion is true, when it was real, as we say that it was in Mrs. Leigh's case? We believe that this repentance, which we assume, on Mrs. Leigh's part, would therefore form an additional reason for Lady Byron's general silence as to the whole truth. A thorough revelation would injure her husband, who she believed was always going to repent, and who was *an fond* half an angel—would injure herself—would injure her daughter—and would certainly ruin one of whose repentance she was convinced. Such an explanation as this furnishes, as we have said, the solution of what appears so inexplicable to Lord Lindsay and others. And, moreover, this suggestion of Mrs. Leigh's penitence accounts for what all along has struck us as a formidable argument against the truth of the incest—though Byron's apologists have not had the wit to avail themselves of it—that Mrs. Leigh presented her brother with a Bible as her parting gift on his final departure from England.

7. With respect to what has been said of Dr. Lushington in connexion with this matter, we still think that had Dr. Lushington, in 1816, given his opinion that duty to God and man required Lady Byron to separate from her husband on any statement of facts alleged by Lady Byron at that time other than those produced by Mrs. Stowe, he might at the present moment have been asked to say so much; and, *pro tanto*, this declaration from Dr. Lushington would have raised a very strong presumption that, at the time of separation, Lady Byron did not entertain the charge of incest. But it is understood that Dr. Lushington's present state of health is such that nothing can be expected from him. Lord Lindsay goes on to express his belief that "Byron was hardly used in being denied a categorical answer to his rightful demand, Why have you cast me off?" To which we answer that there is no ground whatever for supposing that Byron did not know his wife's grounds for enforcing the separation. What he complains of is, that he "never could get any specific charge in a tangible shape"; which he might well say—and there is no proof that he ever did more than say it—knowing that the challenge was a very cheap one, and that after the deed of separation was signed it amounted to nothing, since his wife had got all by the separation that she wanted, and moreover had probably pledged herself, or anyhow had the strongest motives, to secrecy. And this is very important; had Byron been really sincere in his professed wish to have the matter fairly fought out and the whole thing judicially investigated, it was quite in his power to compel the wife to state her reasons and

show her whole cause. Lord Byron might have declined to sign the separation deed, and then Lady Byron must have produced her case; but he signed it. And if he had persisted in his refusal to agree to the separation, and if Lady Byron had not given her reasons, he must have known very well that it was always open to him to institute a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, which would have brought out the specific charges in a most tangible shape. That he did not take that course shows that he dared not; and in the teeth of this fact we set little store upon his mere talk about his wish and anxiety for the real reasons on which Lady Byron acted.

Into Lord Lindsay's remaining argument we must decline to follow him. It is the merely popular *ad captandum* talk, that let Lord Byron be what he may, let all the evidence be on one side, we will not examine it. He dwells in the bosom of the love of the British people; his genius is a star which no malignant vapours can obscure; we must give Byron credit for not having been a malignant demon, because we do not like to believe it. This sort of bombast reflects as little credit on our estimate of morality as it does on our critical sagacity. We are quite at one with "A Reader of Byron's Letters" writing in the *Times*, and with the author of an admirable article in the *Spectator* of September 11, who looks at the popular prepossession for Byron, now flaring up in every direction, not merely as a poet, but a man, as a terrible evidence of the laxity and rottenness of our popular morals. We must say it distinctly, that Lady Byron's view that there was a devil at work in Byron is a sufficient, if superficial, statement of the truth—namely, that a fiendish mockery of good, a persistent and malignant hatred of virtue, yet a belief in it, and a concentrated venomous delight in scoffing at what mankind has been taught to believe to be the noble, the virtuous, the just, the beautiful, and the true, make up the Byron of Byron's works and Byron's letters. We are not talking of the Byron of Mrs. Stowe's "True Story," except to say that he is in perfect harmony with the Byron whom we already knew from his poems and from his biography. He has written some of the noblest poetry which ever proceeded from the human intellect, but for no higher or better motive than to draw within the meshes of his devilish sophistry the ignorant, the shallow, and the inexperienced. The Byron of the "True Story" is the complement of the Byron of *Don Juan*; it just reveals and completes the whole character. We at least are content to appeal from this vulgar and, we are glad to hope, ignorant prejudice of the present hour, in favour of Lord Byron, to the sober and deliberate judgment of our fathers. We believe, or rather we hope, that nine out of ten of the silly writers in the newspapers know nothing, or next to nothing, of Byron's writings and character. If they do, woe be to us if we accept their teaching, that everything must be condoned to Byron because he wrote some of the most magnificent poems in the language. We appeal, we say, from our *Standards* and *Stars* and *Telegraphs* to Francis Jeffrey. After the glorious ode "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece," which stirs the heart like a trumpet, Byron goes on in the very next stanza:—

His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong:
And feeling in a poet is the source
Of others' feeling: but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

On this fiendish mock and sneer, worthy of Goethe's demon, Jeffrey remarks by characterizing it as "a strain of cold-blooded ribaldry, in which all good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction, and we are brought back from their transient and theatrical exhibition to the staple and substantial doctrine of the work, the non-existence of constancy in woman or honour in man, and the folly of expecting to meet with any such virtues or of cultivating them for an unbelieving world." The Byronic Gospel of Hell could not have been more summarily or more completely described than in this famous language of Jeffrey. Distance, we suppose, lessens the enormity as it does the apparent magnitude of evil; but when we pride ourselves that the morality of the Godwins and Shelleys and Byrons and Blessingtons and D'Orsays would not be endured nowadays, we seem to forget that when they did exist they were condemned with all honest indignation, but that among our very moral selves they are looked upon as the venial eccentricities of genius, and merely curious specimens of a moral bias which happens to be different from what we persuade ourselves to be our own.

The only other contribution to this Byron-Stowe literature which takes an ambitious line is a pamphlet originally published in the *Standard*, and authenticated by Mr. Alfred Austin, under the title of "A Vindication of Lord Byron." Mr. Austin has certainly succeeded in closing all controversy with ourselves; but his admirers, among whom he is himself the chief, may judge of his powers to conduct any critical controversy by the following comic specimen:—

"The argument that if an allusion to incest can be construed out of any passage of *Manfred*, everybody must see that Mrs. Stowe's story is true, and that Byron must have committed incest with his sister [an argument never adduced by any one out of Bedlam or, as far as we know, in Bedlam], may be dismissed with the remark that, if it is good for anything, it is good to show that Byron committed murder as well . . . whereas even Mrs. Stowe's fabulous account of poor Mrs. Leigh bears testimony to the fact that she was murdered neither by her brother nor by anybody." Why? because in *Manfred* the incestuous sister Astarte

is murdered by Manfred, the proof of such murder being contained in the following passage:—

MANFRED. I loved her, and destroyed her.
WITCH. With thy hand?
MANFRED. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart;
It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed;
I saw—and could not stanch it.

Even a child can see that the murder which Manfred owns to was a metaphorical one, the murder of a broken heart, the blood anything but material and arterial, in shedding which the metaphorical sister-slayer used "not his hand but heart." What Astarte died of was not a stabbed, but a broken, heart. The expressions are figurative throughout.

This mention of *Manfred* enables us to refer to a minor point on which we have been, not misunderstood, but wilfully misrepresented. We never said that, because Byron made incest the subject of one of the first works that he wrote after the separation, therefore he committed incest. We expressly observed that to say this would be as ridiculous as to say that Racine committed incest because he wrote the *Phèdre*. What we did say was, that it furnished an indirect—not conclusive, but very noticeable—indication of the state of mind in which Byron wrote this tragedy on incest; that there was some secret, mysterious, and unavowed cause for his special interest in the subject of *Manfred* at that time. Passages have been produced from Byron's letters to show that *Manfred* has nothing to do with Mrs. Leigh. Byron, we are told, says that "the germs of *Manfred* are to be found in the journal which he sent to Mrs. Leigh before he left Switzerland." And, it is asked, "if the germs were already known to Mrs. Leigh, why inform her of them in a journal?" The answer is obvious; the germs in the journal were the sketches of scenery and the external accompaniments of the drama; the moral germ was something very different. We have already said that it is a very striking and perhaps significant thing that Byron, writing to Murray in 1817, says, speaking of the supposed origin of *Manfred*, "The conjecturer is out and knows nothing of the matter. I had a better origin than he can devise or divine for the soul of him." We will add another passage which we have more recently discovered in the Byron Correspondence. Writing to Murray, the 7th of June, 1820, Byron expressly anticipates and confutes the objection that the scenery of the Alps was all that suggested *Manfred*. "I never read the *Faust*; but it was the Steinbach and the Jungfrau, AND SOMETHING ELSE, much more than *Faustus*, that made me write *Manfred*." Perhaps somebody will tell us what he thinks this "something else," this "better origin than any conjecturer can devise or divine" for *Manfred*, was. Byron himself, in 1820, admits that he had "some difficulty in extricating himself from *Manfred*." Of course the two passages do not prove the incest; but, slipping out in this accidental way, these dark references to some mysterious and secret origin of *Manfred* are, in connexion with the "True Story," very remarkable things for Byron to have said.

One word more, which we think, in fairness and in the interests of honourable criticism, ought to be mentioned. The writer, "A Reader of Byron's Letters"—an able one—in the *Times*, purporting to quote Byron's letters in Moore's Memoirs, observes that Byron "says, in plain words, 'I have been accused of incest, and God knows what crimes besides'"—of course meaning incest with Mrs. Leigh. Now we must own that, though we have read Byron's letters lately through and through, we have not met with this passage quoted by the writer in the *Times*. It may exist, but it is unknown to us. And yet it is undeniable that Byron was, as he himself owns, actually accused of incest, but not with Mrs. Leigh; and he with a vast deal of moral indignation denies—and, we are bound to add, refutes—the charge. The incident is an extremely curious one, and very little known, but it constitutes one of the most disgraceful and scandalous incidents of his wicked life. We have in the course of the present dispute been assured by Byron's apologists that he spent the year immediately after the separation in trying to bring about a reconciliation with his wife. It is a very awkward circumstance, but this pretty view of Byron's life in 1816 is refuted by the fact that in that very year he led such a life that out of it grew that very charge—an untrue one—of incest. What was this life? The writer in *Temple Bar* gets very near the facts; but he is wrong, because he was not aware of the parentage of Allegra, Lord Byron's "natural child, born of an English mother" in January or February 1817. He says that the "Farewell to his Wife" was "composed in the society of the future mother of the little Allegra"; and elsewhere, "ten months after the separation his daughter Allegra was born to the poet by an English lady"; the inference being that the *liaison*—which is, we believe, high polite for adultery—was an English one, and that adultery with Allegra's mother was committed in England, and a month after the separation. Moore's book contains, though it certainly does not avow, the real facts. In his "Observations upon an Article in *Blackwood's Magazine*," written in 1820, but which, *sicut solus est mos*, Byron took especial care never to publish, and which only saw the light when it was printed from the only copy, and that an imperfect one, known to exist, by Moore, in his Memoirs, Byron says:—

When I left England, in April 1816, I took up my residence at Coligny. I retired entirely from society, with the exception of one English family living a quarter of a mile from Diodati. . . . The English family to which I allude consisted of two ladies, a gentleman, and his son, a boy of a year old.

In a most maladroit footnote Mr. Thomas Moore favours us with the names of this famous English family:—"Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, Miss Clermont, and Master Shelley." We may as well say here we are bound to interpose a correction. Mrs. Shelley was not in Switzerland in April 1816. She was in England, living as a deserted wife in her father's house, meditating probably the suicide which she committed on the 10th of November following. The lady politely called Mrs. Shelley by Mr. Thomas Moore was Miss Mary Godwin, who had been living in adultery with Shelley since 1814, and who really did become Mrs. Shelley, but not until the 30th of December, 1816, six weeks after the suicide of the first Mrs. Shelley. The household arrangements were hardly edifying, but they were not what a Swiss Traveller, said to be one of the Lake poets, described them to be. This gentleman—we take up Byron's defence in the "Observations on *Blackwood*,"

on his return to England circulated—and for anything I know invented—a report that the gentleman to whom I have alluded and myself were living in promiscuous intercourse with two sisters, "having formed a league of incest." . . . The tale itself requires but a word in answer—the ladies were not sisters, nor in any way connected, except by the second marriage of their respective parents, a widower with a widow, both being the offspring of former marriages; neither of them were in 1816 nineteen years old. Promiscuous intercourse . . . there was none.—Byron's Works, xv. 74.

This charge of incest was scandalous and untrue; and of course we can hardly complain that, in refuting it, Byron did what people cannot and will not understand that his wife did. It was convenient for Byron to tell only half the truth, and, when answering the charge of incest and promiscuous intercourse, to say nothing of the fact that, though the case was not this, it was one of two pairs of adulterers—both Byron and Shelley having wives, and Mrs. Shelley not being the mother of Allegra, though Allegra was the result of this intercourse with this "English family consisting of two ladies," &c. &c. Allegra was born in England, where this "English family" returned towards the close of 1816—spent the first year of her infancy in the Shelley household at Marlow during the year 1817—was brought back to Italy early in 1818, and consigned to her father—was subsequently entrusted to the care of the Hoppners at Venice, and finally placed in a convent, where she died April 20, 1822.

Now if this was "the charge of incest" to which the letter-writer in the *Times* refers, he is unfair, for Mrs. Leigh had nothing to do with the matter, and it turned out to be only a trifling matter of adultery. On the other hand, this edifying episode of the birth and parentage of Allegra, which is purity itself compared with Byron's subsequent Satyrical drama of life, forms a very singular illustration of the character of that first year of separation which his apologists assure us he spent in vainly and fruitlessly endeavouring to effect a reconciliation with Lady Byron.

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is much truth in the old story of the drunken or otherwise immoral clergyman who maintained that his exhortations to the virtues which he did not practise were just as profitable as those of his more righteous brethren. He was like a finger-post; he showed the right way perfectly well, although he did not go along it himself. His case was doubtless an extreme case, and he must have been an impudent, hardened fellow; but he had got hold of a truth. It is no answer, as many people think it is, to a man's exhortations, or arguments, or whatever he puts forth, to bid him look at home, or to charge him with hypocrisy because his own conduct is not always in exact conformity with his own doctrine. Hypocrisy in the strict sense, conscious and deliberate pretence in matters of devotion or morality, is, we suspect, a much rarer vice than people think. At all events it is a charge which, as one easy to bring and hard to disprove, ought not to be brought against any man without very strong grounds. Inconsistency, self-delusion, mere irresolution and weakness, the mere imperfection, in short, of human nature, go a long way to account for a great deal which is often roughly set down as hypocrisy.

The clergyman with whose story we started, whatever else he was, was at all events not a hypocrite. His vices were known to himself and to everybody else; they were openly avowed; though he acknowledged the excellence of virtue and recommended it to the practice of others, he made no pretence of practising it himself. Self-delusion in such a case is quite possible, but for hypocrisy there is clearly no room. But suppose that, instead of impudently avowing his vices, he had simply practised them in secret. Suppose that it was suddenly found out that a man who had always preached good morality, and was supposed always to have practised it, was really a drunkard, an adulterer, a gambler, or whatever the vice may be. We suppose that most people would cry out, What a hypocrite that man has been! Yet the chances are very strongly against his being what they mean by a hypocrite. What they mean is that, without any real feeling of virtue and piety, he pretended to virtue and piety simply for the sake of the gain or reputation which they might bring him. One may doubt whether this is necessarily the New Testament sense of the word hypocrite; it is certainly not the necessary explanation of such a case as we have supposed. A hypocrite, in the original sense of the word, is an actor, and it is quite possible that, in its New Testament use, it may often refer to conduct which may be fairly spoken of as acting, but which is certainly not hypocrisy.

in the vulgar sense. John Wesley bade one of his preachers to preach a certain doctrine. The preacher had his doubts and scruples; he could not say that he fully believed the doctrine. "Preach it till you do believe it," was Wesley's answer. We may be sure that Wesley did not mean to bid any one to act in a dishonest or what is commonly called a hypocritical way. But he certainly required his disciple to act in a highly artificial way; he called upon him to act a part, to be in the strict sense a *ὑποκριτής*. Wesley no doubt looked on believing as wholly a moral and not at all as an intellectual process, and he bade a man to learn to believe rightly by believing rightly, as he would have bidden him to learn to act rightly by acting rightly. Still he was bidding a man to act as if he believed what as yet he did not believe—a process which differs only in the motive from the act of him who pretends belief for the sake of gain or reputation. So in many other cases, men throw themselves into artificial states of mind, which are put on as it were to order, which often prove only temporary, but which still are put on in good faith. What we call making the best of a bad bargain often takes this form. A man finds himself in a set of circumstances which are not of his own choosing; he is forced to a line of conduct which is distinctly against the grain. He is called on to do something which up to that time has been against his feelings, perhaps against his conscience. In such a case he often tries to persuade himself that the unavoidable course is not only a righteous, but a pleasant course. He makes an effort and throws himself into the thing; his voice is louder, his arm is more forward, than the arms and the voices of those to whom the course which to him is new is a matter of long habit or of old-standing conviction. The zeal of new converts has a good deal of this element in it; they have consciously to act a part, while those who are before them are acting naturally and unconsciously; they therefore commonly overdo matters. Or a man has to maintain a position about which he has moral doubts. In such a case it commonly happens that he will be more confident and more inclined to talk big than the man who never had any doubts at all. He is trying not only to persuade others, but to persuade himself at the same time. When a man changes his side in politics or religion, we often hear of his loud professions of unalterable faithfulness to the old cause almost up to the moment of his forsaking it for the new. A cry is generally raised against him as if his professions were simply hypocritical, as if he was simply trying to lay suspicion at rest after his own mind is made up and while he is only waiting for a convenient moment to carry out his plan of desertion. And no doubt it often has been so. But it certainly is not so as a matter of course. It is just as likely that he is on the very edge of making up his mind, but that he has not yet made it up. As long as he has not made it up, as long as he has any doubt, as long as the old system has any chance at all with him, he tries to satisfy himself even more than to satisfy others by talking louder than ever on its behalf.

In all these cases a man is certainly acting as a hypocrite in the etymological sense. He is consciously acting a part, a part which is not natural to him, a part which involves some degree of moral or intellectual inconsistency. But it does not at all follow that he is a hypocrite in the worst sense. He is tampering with his conscience, he is trying to guide his conscience in a certain direction, rather than wilfully disobeying his conscience. A hypocrite in the worst sense either wilfully disobeys his conscience or else has stifled the voice of conscience altogether. And it is strange how easy it is for a man to turn his conscience and his belief in a certain way. Take the case of forced conversions, such as we read of in the history of the Mahometan conquests, or in that of the evangelization of Germany and Scandinavia by Christian Emperors and Kings. It often happened that the man who embraced Mahometanism or Christianity simply to save his life lived ever after as a very good Mahometan or a very good Christian, sometimes even as a zealous champion and missionary of his new faith. Were such men hypocrites? We feel sure that in their later stages they were quite sincere, that they had in a manner worked themselves into a steady belief of what they had at first embraced only under compulsion. But what was their state of mind when they made their first profession? We suspect that in many cases men found it possible to work themselves into a state in which they could profess their new creed without any conscious lying. It was a very strong case of making the best of a bad bargain. Many no doubt relapsed; they either were shamming at the time of their profession, or else the artificial excitement wore off, and they fell back on their former and more natural state of mind. But there are quite cases enough of compulsory converts cleaving steadily to their new faith to show that the state of mind which we have supposed is not an impossible one.

We may now change the venue from matters of belief to matters of morals, and take the case which we put before of a detected sinner. We have known such cases, and we have known the outcry made, What a hypocrite he is! Now there is really no need to call him anything of the kind. It is very likely that he simply is, what most men are more or less, inconsistent and imperfect. He has a conscience, but he does not always obey it. He knows what is right; he says, if need be he teaches, what is right; but he does not always follow his own precepts. We are not defending him; we are only saying that his fault is a different fault from that of hypocrisy. To have a conscience, but not always to obey it, is, in different degrees, the moral state of the vast mass of mankind. It is the

state of all save (we suppose) a few unusually saintly people at one end, and (we suppose) a few desperately wicked ones at the other end. To be very inconsistent and very imperfect, and to be aware of one's inconsistency and imperfection, whatever it is, is certainly not hypocrisy. Steele was no hypocrite when he wrote the Christian Hero. Leading a vicious life, and wishing to cure himself of his vices, he took the somewhat strange means of shaming himself by writing and publishing a book in which he described a model of ideal piety and virtue. Such a course directly drew attention to his vices. But neither would he necessarily have been a hypocrite if he had striven to hide his vices from the world. It is rather hard to say that a man is pretending to be better than he is simply because he does not wish his imperfections to be found out. To take a very strong case, we could never quite join in the outcry against the Papal Legate in Henry the First's time who harangued against the marriage of the clergy in the morning and was caught in a very discreditable position in the evening. We are far from defending him; all we say is that his sin of the evening does not prove his zeal of the morning to have been insincere. Nay, he might possibly have argued—"I acknowledge my transgression and I regret it; I am ever and anon carried away by the strength of my passions; but meanwhile I am zealously serving the Church. But you married priests are always thinking of your wives and children, and do not serve the Church at all." The weaknesses and inconsistencies of men are endless; let them all have their fair share of blame; but let them not be indiscriminately called by a name which does not belong to all of them. A man is guilty of a particular vice, who is perhaps an enthusiast against some other vice very likely not worse than his own. Let him have the fair measure of blame for his own errors, but do not let his zeal for virtue in another quarter be set down as insincere. Let him not even be suspected of trying to atone for the vices to which he is inclined by abstaining from those to which he is not inclined. Nay more, men's minds and consciences are often so strangely twisted, there is such a power of what Mr. Lecky calls "localizing" principles and feelings, that a man will be indignant against this or that form of a particular vice while he practises other forms of it without scruple. Such a man is flagrantly inconsistent; we should press the point of his inconsistency as a special argument to convince him, but we should not think of charging him with insincerity simply because he is inconsistent and imperfect. We have often heard, and we have always been pained to hear, really good actions attributed to bad motives simply because the life of the actor was open to objection on other grounds. We will not enter into the theological nature of sin, and the doctrine that he who offends in one point is guilty of all. Such is at least not the doctrine of natural morality, which certainly welcomes whatever is good in any man, even though it may be mixed up with much that is bad.

All the cases which we have mentioned seem to us quite distinct from hypocrisy in the usual sense. In the former class of cases, where a man is certainly acting an artificial, though not necessarily a dishonest, part, the word may be applied in a certain sense. To cases of mere inconsistency and imperfection, however glaring, it should not be applied at all. Strict hypocrisy, the conscious and deliberate pretence to virtues which a man has not and does not care to have, is, we suspect, much rarer than people commonly think.

THE SERVANT OF FACT AND EXPERIENCE.

AFTER a long course of misunderstandings between mistress and maids, a family woke one cold morning to the uncomfortable consciousness of desertion. At the first dawn of day the servants in pique had taken themselves off in a body, carrying with them nothing of their master's but their services, and without even lighting a fire. There was no possibility of getting immediate help; there was nothing for it but that fingers unused to be soiled should set awkwardly to work with chips and bellows, and raise a tardy flame, and boil unwilling water, and take in bread from the baker, and milk from the milkman, and sit down shivering and disconsolate to an ill-laid breakfast-table. The comment upon all this was natural enough—"What plagues servants are!" But how unjust! The obvious teaching of the incident should rather have been a wondering thankfulness that such a mode of beginning the day is exceptional. "Not more than others I deserve, and yet since I was born to this hour I have found others to do this work for me." The sight of a blazing fire, throwing a warm shimmer of brightness and polish over everything, of a trimly laid breakfast-table, of hissing urn, delicate rashers, smoking chops, should surely excite perpetual gratitude towards the class who, for a poor consideration of food and wages, renew this daily paradise for us. But nobody says "Thank you," or sees anything but a matter of course in this pleasant magic. We are disposed to think servants an ill-used class. Not only the parlour, not only querulous masters and mistresses, but the press, is against them, and finds its account in ringing the changes on flunkies, menials, servant-girls, and John Thomases, confident in a sure topic, and safe from reprisal. Servitude has no organ; when the pen is wielded by the hand that wields the broom, we shall perhaps hear a different story. At present servants share the fate of lawyers and millers—as people we cannot do without, and are obliged to trust.

All literature speaks of servants as a deteriorating class. The servants that men praise are among their past experiences; but this rather illustrates a weakness inherent in human nature than an actual fact. People always judge of living classes by bad examples, and of those who preceded them by their most favourable specimens. If we look into contemporary notices of servants a hundred years ago, we find them spoken of as pampered menials, as venal and corrupt wretches. The Day and Edgeworth school laid it down as an indispensable condition of education that the child shall never exchange a word with a servant. All the gossip about servants assumes that they daily get more showy, worthless, idle, grasping, and independent, and yet we believe that in truth there never were better servants than in the England of to-day; that the proportion of honest and efficient servants was never larger. In every calling incompetence is the rule rather than exact efficiency, but servants will match any other class in the amount of effective, creditable, and pattern members. Still, unquestionably, the charge of independence is true. A change has come over the theory of service; a change, however, inevitable from the refinement or finery of modern manners. The old notion of fidelity implied a condition of things to which nobody would willingly return. It implied companionship and interchange of thought between master and man; moments and occasions of equality sweetening the habitual attitude of subjection. It implied, too, the promise of a maintenance to the end of life, for it would be monstrous to require the prime of a man's powers and to cast him off in old age; there was also implied the continuance of service when he ceased to be efficient. Old servants are a class apt to be pleasanter in description than in fact, and very prone to tyrannize, through the weight of custom. Witness Miss Brontë's Tabby, an old body who at eighty was so jealous of relinquishing any part of her work that her fastidious mistress, breaking off in the full flow of inspiration, used surreptitiously to carry off the bowl of potatoes to cut out the specks which the poor creature's weak old eyes had failed to detect; and so exacting of confidence in family matters that, being stone deaf, her mistress used to walk off with her to the heart of the moor, in order that the secrets shouted into her ear might not become common property. A servant once established as indispensable to the well-being of a household becomes a formidable power in it, and sways the head in a way that is often intolerable to everybody else. But in our time of easy change and high wages this peculiar trial is daily growing more a thing of the past, though there are still secluded homes where the threat of departure keeps some nervous temper in a perpetual and most unreasonable fidget of dread. The advertising columns of the *Times*, with the boasted two years' character, stand now in strange, amusing contrast with Swift's old story of the chambermaid who said to one of her fellow-servants, "I hear it is all over London already that I am going to leave my Lady." The utmost self-appreciation knows that change makes little commotion with us nowadays. We are not defending the love of change for the sake of change, which is the current complaint; but where there is so little intercourse between the kitchen and the parlour, we scarcely see how attachments can be formed, or how self-interest and even a fancy for amusement may not be motives of action as potent among servants as among ourselves; though in many cases attachments are formed, and certain qualities in the master, absolutely taciturn as he is, do inspire affection. This may be noted most perhaps where a certain amiable helplessness and dependence in domestic life is combined with distinction in the world's eyes. Wordsworth's servants were attached to him, and proud of his service, though he is little likely to have been familiar. His wife, to be sure, was a pattern, and the house was a scene of the domestic virtues; but we see appreciation of her master in the reply of his cook-maid to the stranger who wished to see Wordsworth's study—"This is master's library, but he studies in the fields"; and also in the faithful James of Rydal Mount, whose history Crab Robinson gives us, and who, born in the workhouse, and turned out upon the world at nine years old with two shillings in his pocket, called himself the child of good fortune because he rose to the dignity of being Wordsworth's servant for life and comfort in trouble—though, it is added, he hardly seemed to know that his master was a poet. He knew him at least as an object of vast respect and prestige. Sydney Smith also kept his servants, but it was his way to talk and joke with everybody about him, and to employ them in a multitude of little services about his person, keeping them merry all the time; a sort of service of which few would grudge to have at least a taste.

But in ordinary households fidelity cannot flourish for want of its natural nourishment, and necessarily changes into mere honesty and good service while it lasts. The servant has a world of which master and mistress know nothing; the interests of master and man are no longer common topics. There may be the best mutual understanding, and the well-being of soul and body may be matter of conscience with the employer, but the separation of kitchen and parlour is more complete now than it ever was before. Servants cannot be absorbed now into the family; they must have an outer life, a sphere among their equals, where connexions may be formed and freedom of speech allowed. It is, if we think of it, absurd to forbid a man the power of retort, to compel him to silence under reproof, and yet to expect him to make our interests his main concern; it is idle not to see that he merely reconciles himself to silence and respect as part of his contract, a condition to be submitted to till some-

thing better, or at least pleasanter, turns up. It is astonishing what an amount of self-sacrifice people take for granted as their due from persons of whose private circumstances they know nothing. How coolly some women expect the inmates of their gloomy cellar kitchens to find in their service the highest claim, while at the same time they may never have exchanged a syllable with them that did not relate to their own convenience, and may often have reproved querulously and unjustly without that especial feminine consolation, a word in reply—their say out—being once resorted to by their victim. The support in this case is the liberty of change—a grievance and a nuisance to the mistress whose experience has all been from bad to worse, but nevertheless not in all respects an evil. It is to be remembered that she is enjoying the youth and vigour of a succession of damsels, none of them likely to be more efficient twenty years hence than they are now.

The accounts we hear of American "helps" naturally make us view with unpleasant forebodings the independence which is the distinctive feature of modern service among ourselves; but the fact of slavery in America has evidently cast a stigma on the relation, of which we have not a trace in England. All girls, at least among our lower classes, take to service cheerfully as a start in life, unless they have incapacitated themselves by mill-work or some similar training; and they are certainly more eligible as wives, and sought after by a better class, than those women whose girlhood has been passed in manufacturing or field labour. And no wonder, for surely nothing can be neater, or a completer thing in its way, than a tidy, efficient maid-servant. We own that, in exalting the merits of this class, we naturally choose a female model. There are of course excellent butlers and footmen in livery, but indoor service is so far contrary to manly instincts that in the best of the class, unless they are too busy or too slow to have any spare moments on their hands, there is a propensity to have some private pursuit not quite compatible with perfect utility. If a man escapes the common pitfall of the public-house or the beer-shop, he gossips, or he reads at inconvenient times, or secludes himself with some musical instrument, or he may endeavour to combine with his duties some business on his own account. He undertakes a commission of some sort for his spare moments, or he speculates with his savings, and you come upon his name in the *Gazette*. He cannot put all his heart or head into his work. There is a good deal to be said for the Antiquary's view. Without at all disputing woman's powers of command, it cannot be denied that the especial feminine characteristics display themselves in a very amiable light in domestic service. We know the cook only by her dishes; how they linger in the memory, everybody who has been a schoolboy knows. And it is not very different with elderly gentlemen either, if we may infer so much from the curious fact that, when a man marries any denizen of his kitchen, it is always his cook. The cook has by prescriptive right a temper; probably her tongue is never under the austere control indispensable in the parlour. It is the waiting-maid who represents the class to ordinary eyes. We know nothing that conveys an idea of absolute fitness for her work so exactly as a typical neat-handed Phillis; so fit that no one can dream of removing her out of it. Sober, steadfast, demure in air, noiseless, speechless except when spoken to, and then answering in the fewest words and with the distinctest utterance; the manner, perfect in its way, suggesting probably to Mr. Hawthorne his tribute to the demeanour of some of the younger women of our lower classes, in contrast with the ordinary clownishness—"a manner with its own proper grace, neither affected nor imitative of something higher," a manner natural to a young woman who knows her place and her value, and is intent on putting a certain finish and completeness into all she does; her comeliness set off by a costume whose neat and trim unobtrusiveness makes it one of the prettiest and most appropriate in the world. Such a damsel is indeed a household treasure; no part of her needs another field; nothing is unexpressed; her wits, her memory, her observation, as well as her eyes and fingers, are kept in full exercise by the family exigencies. Where in the world are my spectacles? what have I done with that letter? asks papa. Where have I put my keys, or my gloves? asks mamma. I have lost my brooch, or my bracelet, or my parasol, cry the young ladies. Mary is the universal referee. Mary knows people's ways better than they do themselves, and with unwearied good-nature, and a perception amounting to instinct, brings people and their goods together again. It is bad news when this faultless creature announces her engagement to some young man; we are naturally amazed that so much perfection should throw herself away on such a lout, who, whether on workdays or Sundays, seems so immeasurably below her in refinement. But Mary knows her own interests, as well as her heart, best. She has never forgotten the traditions of her own class; her head has never for an instant been turned by the sight of pleasures and luxuries beyond her reach; while her habits of order, and the consciousness of years of trust not abused, make her the best wife a mechanic can choose. Mr. Trollope makes his Cabinet Minister of small means testify of his parlour-maid that there is not a more respectable young woman in London, and we are sure every reader's experience can recall similar examples. Some people are so unlucky as to know only the pariahs of the profession, and sometimes it is ill luck; but more commonly a course of bad servants implies something wrong in feeling and management; whether this means a want of sympathy, or an obstinate quarrel with the age and a determined adherence to obsolete usage, or a tyrannical imposition of will in the mode of doing things as well as in

results. For it is part of modern independence—as it has always been human nature—to prefer choosing for oneself the means by which to attain a given end.

We have discussed servants in their useful rather than their ornamental capacity, for a dozen tall fellows hanging about a house for no other purpose than their master's state can scarcely fail to get into mischief; there is little else for them to do; though here the term menial has acquired a meaning which its derivation does not justify. "Swift does not seem to have known the meaning of this word," says Johnson. But a retinue of servants are sure to excite so much envy, and to lay themselves open to so much obloquy, that a word expressing (according to one of its alleged derivations) mere numbers, assisted as it is by the sound, has very naturally slid into a term of contempt. Thackeray, in his plea for servants, endeavours to excuse them in small thefts, arguing, which may be true, that pilfering on a small scale does not necessarily develop into wholesale thieving. We remember that his "Jeames," before his rise in the world, presents Mary Anne with his mistress's gold thimble. In the matter of eatables and drinkables and perquisites there may be, to say the least, strong differences of view as to the rights of property, where, as in London, servants are an enormous body banded together to uphold their privileges; but respectable servants, as a class, are scrupulously honest. The virtue inculcated by the Eighth Commandment is enforced by their public opinion with much more formidable penalties than breaches of that which precedes it; and every other form of vice is more common with them than stealing the spoons.

Of the three classes—the ready, unscrupulous, loquacious servant of comedy; the faithful, blindly devoted follower, to extreme old age, of fiction; and the more calculating Mary or Thomas of fact and veracious history—commend us to the last for all practical purposes of use and comfort.

HENRY BISHOP OF EXETER.

TO appreciate the life and labours of the late Bishop of Exeter we must—and it is a difficult task—throw ourselves back into the conditions of the religious and political life of the nation when he first devoted himself to the service of the Church of England. The Bishop of Exeter, though born in the lower ranks of the middle class, was brought up under the shadow of the Church. His father, a man of substance, was an official of the Chapter of Gloucester; he was educated at the cathedral school, and the Church influence of his associations early designated him for a clerical life. In those days mere schoolboys entered the University; but Henry Phillpotts, elected at the age of thirteen, was one of the very youngest scholars of Corpus, a society which, until recent days, has always exhibited a marked preference for electing youth on its foundation. The late Bishop became Fellow of Magdalen at little more than seventeen years of age, and he frequently adverted to the advantages which his youth gave him in escaping the dangers of the lax University life of those days, and used to testify to the kindness which prompted his contemporaries carefully to avoid entangling the Boy-Fellow in the dissipations of the place. Dr. Routh's influence doubtless contributed to the patristic and traditional bias with which Mr. Phillpotts pursued his theological studies; but a little learning went a long way in the eighteenth century, and Bishop Phillpotts used to tell an anecdote of a candidate for ordination in those days—certainly not unknown to the narrator himself—whose examination for ordination consisted of three questions and a suggestion. The questions were—How do you harmonize the Two Genealogies? How do you reconcile St. Paul and St. James? Neither of which the candidate was able to do. And the final question was, Young man, have you read the Quinquarticular controversy? No. Then I should recommend you to do so. Mr. Phillpotts' residence at Magdalen as a B.A. Fellow will always be marked in the annals of Oxford, as he took a very active part in elaborating the first great University Reform, and the celebrated statute for erecting the new Examination Schools. He not only assisted materially in drawing out the plan, but he was the first to work it, being appointed one of the first Public Examiners. The late Bishop of Exeter's Oxford career was not only successful and honourable, but it shows that from the very first he had adopted those principles of action which his long life as a Churchman carried out—religiously to preserve the principles and traditions of an institution, academic or ecclesiastical, but in those traditions to accept what would be most likely to conform ancient truths to modern requirements.

It is superfluous to accompany the future Bishop through the rapid stages by which he won height after height as he climbed the hill of preferment. Living after living, stall after stall, accumulated on an active but deserving head, until at length, through the brief transition of a Northern Deanery, Henry Phillpotts became Henry, Bishop of Exeter, one of the poorest sees in England, but which in his case was weighted by a Golden Stall at Durham. The Bishop, while old in honours, was not young in years when he received his last preferment; and it would have been considered very improbable that the Dean of Chester, *et. sua* 53, should retain the See of Exeter for nearly forty years. There must have been something, we suppose, in the air of Magdalen in the last century conducive to the solid foundations of extreme longevity, since its venerable President, Routh,

lived till he had nearly attained a hundred years, and the Senior D.D. Phillpotts exceeded ninety-two. Not that the Bishop of Exeter was ever robust. He was always more or less a valetudinarian; but he had the blessing of a wife of singular simplicity and beauty of character, whose affectionate and ever-watchful care, with an assiduity of love of which we can recall few examples, ministered to him in sickness and in health, and to whom it was reserved to continue her watching almost to the last. Mrs. Phillpotts died only a very few years ago, and after her death she was succeeded in the like dutiful ministrations by one of the Bishop's married daughters. The Bishop was happy in his numerous family; and his only unmarried daughter, whose life was for many years a long agony of pain, was endeared to all who knew her by a rare display of patience in concealing her own sufferings while exerting herself for her father's comfort. There must have been much in the fiery controversialist, and the ardent disputant, and the stern assertor of unpopular principles, which told of a generous and amiable spirit in his inner life and inner man, and which endeared him so closely to his own family and to those, not a large circle, whom he admitted to his private friendship. And what is very remarkable is, that of his opponents, theological and political, who assailed, or were assailed by, him many lived to become his friends, and some his intimates. Mr. Charles Butler, the Roman Catholic historian, against whom Dr. Phillpotts wrote his largest work, became his friend; so did Lord Brougham, who attacked the Church and King champion in the *Edinburgh*; and while there must have been many points of political difference as well as of agreement between the rigid Bishop and the supple Lyndhurst, they lived in habits of close and unbroken intimacy. Bishop Phillpotts was one who could be very inadequately judged by his public and official appearances. Brought up in the courtly atmosphere of Bishop Barrington's household, the dignified state and pomp of the Palatine and Prince-Bishop of Durham gave a permanent colour to the manners and bearing of his chosen friend and chaplain, Dr. Phillpotts. There was a certain refinement, and, as in these rougher days we should say, an exaggerated observance of etiquette and the old-fashioned *bienséances* of society and polite manners, in the Bishop of Exeter, which, by those who did not know or who only superficially knew him, was set down to insincerity. Bishop Phillpotts was undoubtedly a politician, even in his social intercourses; but under the smooth surface of his suavity and deferential bearing, which seemed occasionally carried to excess, there was always a depth of principle and a firm grasp of honest convictions. He was one of the most brilliant talkers of his time, taught in an age when conversation was cultivated as a high art of the best society; and his cheerful and spirited manner of talk, his command of anecdote told in the choicest language, his fertility in illustration and quotation, his personal reminiscences of the days when there were giants in the land, made him one of the pleasantest of companions. He was never a professional diner-out, or visitor in great houses; he sought men of letters, not leaders of fashion or leaders of religious parties; it was in the charming walks of Bishopstowe, in the pleasant relaxation of his own table, and in the society of a few guests, that he shone. Nor was he a dictatorial or monopolizing talker; he delighted to draw others out; with his equals he was not combative, and towards his inferiors he was neither arrogant nor superciliously condescending. He had the rare art of setting everybody at his social ease; and the sarcasm for which he was known in public melted off into genial humour and a flow of wit which never offended those whom he always laughed with, if he even occasionally laughed at them.

We shall not—for we are not writing a biography—accompany the Bishop of Exeter through his long public career. Is not his life written in the annals of Parliament? Has he not impressed an indelible mark on the history of the later Church of England? We only allow ourselves in passing to remark that, as regards the principal event of the Bishop's political life, his treatment of the Roman Catholic claims, with respect to which he was assailed with the personal charges of inconsistency and even apostasy, time, the healer, has also been the great avenger. Dr. Phillpotts always held that the Roman Catholic disabilities might be relaxed, or even removed, were sufficient securities obtained from the Papal authorities. In his mind the main question was as to the security of the securities; and it is plain that he held that securities were at least aimed at in Emancipation which were theoretically to be depended upon, though in practice they were afterwards found, so the Bishop thought, to be worthless. The incident, however, shows that it is a complete mistake to relegate the Bishop to the school of the mere obscurantists and *non possumus* divines. He was a Tory and a Church and State man; but he was no bigot, because he was anything but a fool.

The Bishop of Exeter was by conviction an adherent of the Oxford school. And this on many grounds. His own theology was that of the old-fashioned Church of England. He was an Oxford man *intus et in cute*. His friend and contemporary Routh had carried down the principles of Sancroft and Ken and the non-jurors into the life of the nineteenth century. Dr. Phillpotts probably scorned the intellectual poverty, as he had scant sympathy with the fanaticism, perhaps not very much with the fervour, of the Evangelicals. No school and no movement which did not rest on an intellectual and historical basis presented the slightest attractions to his severe and logical mind. Without openly formulating the *Via Media* doctrines, the Bishop, perhaps only half consciously, had never held anything else. The *Tracts for the Times*

could scarcely have come to him as a novelty, for, having taught himself theology only from the English Divines, he believed nothing else than their substantial doctrine. He was by no means a convert to the Oxford school; but it is likely enough that the Oxford writers helped to systematize and harmonize his previous knowledge. All that he owed to the Oxford of the third decade of the present century was to know himself more completely. He was from the very first an opponent of Liberalism in the State and Latitudinarianism in the Church; and he took to Young Oxford because this was Young Oxford's *cri de guerre* too. In very many particulars his adherence to this school was rather because its claims compelled his intellectual acceptance, far more than that they recommended themselves to his personal tastes and sympathies. The Bishop was not an appreciator of art; a diligent reader and reverent admirer of the great English poets, he had little sympathy with aesthetics or music. He just endured the splendours of choral service, and could not refuse to say that magnificence and dignity were rightly given to Divine worship. But his heart was not thoroughly with these things. The associations of the bald worship and slovenly churches of his youth were always too much for him; he had always identified the Church of England with a simplicity which was very unadorned indeed, and few felt and no one expressed more strongly a contempt for what he used, and not always gently or even fairly, to stigmatize as Church millinery. We must remember, too, that if the Bishop of Exeter held the highest doctrines of the Church of England, it was because he had learned them from Bramhall and Laud, not because he had any sympathy with the Rome of fact or the Rome of history. What he argued against the Roman Church on the questions of Infallibility and Mariolatry in controversy with Lingard, he still maintained when in later days he protected the sisterhood of Miss Sellon, and preferred Mr. Maskell, and rejected Mr. Gorham. His Churchmanship was never inconsistent, though it might be, and was, expansive and growing.

Bishop Phillpotts has been accused of nepotism, but he fairly met the charge, and with tolerable, if not complete, success. In fact, no charge was ever made against him that he did not meet; and if he provided for his own, it is undeniable that he provided for many obscure curates and for those whose claims upon his patronage were not those either of high birth or personal connexion. He might not always have been successful in his search after merit, but it was merit that he sought, and merit he tried to reward. Which brings us to the question, was the Bishop of Exeter successful as an administrator? He was—and he was not. To administer the huge and inaccessible diocese of Exeter with completeness is not given to man. But as far as regards diligence in correcting with a heavy hand scandals and abuses, and in heading works of charity with unsparing liberality, Bishop Phillpotts left little to desire. The mitre of Courtenay and Grandison lost little lustre while he wore it; but his talents and his temper were not such as to make him readily accessible, or to enable him to give, if he knew how, attention to the lesser but necessary details of the pastoral work. Immersed in his studies, occupied with the care of all the churches, surveying the vast horizon which involved the life and prospects of the Anglican Church, he had little leisure and perhaps as little taste for the sort of work which is done at Episcopal levées in St. James's Square. Undoubtedly a Church would fare badly all whose bishops were such as the late Bishop of Exeter; but there ought to be a place for men who, whenever they have arisen, have left such a deep impression on the Church as he has done. There was something of the sense of Pegasus at plough when "Henry of Exeter" was called upon, as he often must have been called upon, to administer counsel or consolation to an amiable and sensitive curate sorely exercised by the Sunday School teachers, or to mediate between a pragmatical vicar and his unmanageable district visitors. It is not given to great men to be able to do everything, and the clergy who are credited with great skill in working a parish, and who often perhaps exercise great volubility in talking about working a parish, may be excellent and occasionally valuable men, but they were hardly in the Bishop of Exeter's line, and perhaps not quite to his taste. Like attracts like; and in the modern popular clergyman there was something, if not repelling, yet of small accord with that episcopal ideal which he set before him. He was not the Platform, Anniversary Meeting, Annual Report, Committee Room sort of bishop. With powers of eloquence seldom equalled and never surpassed, he reserved himself for great occasions and rarer opportunities of influence. If he was charged with undue alacrity in prosecuting what he thought to be theological errors, he spent, and spent ruinously, on behalf of what he conscientiously believed to be the true interests of the Church; and if he neglected small things he sacrificed himself, his time and fortune, for what, rightly or wrongly, he believed to be great things. If we cannot forgive the bishop whose time was occupied in battling the great questions of Education, the Irish Church Temporalities, Church Reform, the Marriage Laws, the Poor Laws, Church Discipline, and the like, for being but scantily acquainted with the immediate concerns of his own overgrown population, when we say "These things ought he to have done," we are loth to add, "that he ought to have left the others undone." His personal munificence towards all diocesan wants was given, especially in the Plymouth Church Extension scheme, with no niggardly hand. Whether he was personally popular with his clergy may be answered by saying that his temper was not of that easy and accommodating character

which often, from defect of moral strength, affects a universal calmness and its accompanying dulness. Of one thing he had an extreme horror, and perhaps occasionally showed it—it was a horror of fools and bores. Possibly he might have thought that to be a fool was a moral fault; and in their scorn of folly in the abstract there are some who are not at the trouble of concealing their weariness of folly in the concrete.

However, Henry Phillpotts was a very great man. He lived long enough to live down many enmities, and he endured with edifying patience and resignation the slow and often painful sapping of old age. He retained his faculties sufficiently long and sufficiently unimpaired to feel the sorrow of the physical powers refusing to second the intellectual and spiritual vigour which, in his case, outlived his bodily strength. The last act of his life was very creditable to him. It was only with difficulty that the provisions of the Bishops' Resignation Act were made known to him, but as soon as he understood that the objections which he had himself urged against the Blomfield and Maltby Act as a private and personal enactment did not apply to Mr. Gladstone's general measure, he availed himself of its provisions with cheerful alacrity. Few, however, will regret that he died Bishop of Exeter. He closed one era of the Church of England; he was the last of the Old English Divines. But he contributed largely to the revival and to the new era; and while he wielded the episcopal staff, the Church of England was a power, because he was himself a power, and a living presence.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

TO those who do not object to an exceptionally unpleasant sea passage, and who do not want mere town amusements, the group of islands known as the Channel Islands will be found charming for a summer's holiday. They are full of interest for both the artist and the naturalist, besides possessing a quaint kind of historical interest as the Gallic corner of our dominions, where French names, laws, and a rude patois still remain, notwithstanding our long years of possession and the large influx of English blood during the time. This French element, however, is gradually dying out, as are also the purely insular pride and exclusiveness once the characteristic social feature of the group; and almost daily intercourse with England, the steady increase of English residents, and the growing plague of excursionists, are making the Channel Islands as much like England as the remotest parts of Cornwall or Cumberland. Still there are un-English and picturesque bits of life yet left in them; and nature at least holds her own, and is not vulgarized to the dead level adored by the ordinary Cockney. Of the four chief islands Sark, slightly the loftiest, is the most rugged and the most beautiful; the local guide-books call it "the gem of the Channel Islands," and for once they are right. Jersey is the softest and richest, with deep, leafy Devonshire lanes, with larger, rounder, and milder bays. Guernsey, on the outside "a bare mass of the toughest syeite," possesses the joint characteristics of Sark and Jersey, having the rough and rugged coast scenery of the one, with the rich inland beauty of the other, and its exquisite little "water-lanes" besides, peculiar to itself; while Alderney is a sandy, treeless, island hillock, fringed with sharp pointed rocks like its sisters, but answering to the moorland slope of the mountain of which the others are the precipitous tops and jagged spurs.

There are two good things about these islands, so far as the tourist is concerned—the comparatively few buildings of any kind which he is expected to admire, those local lions which would not be even jackals anywhere else, but which the fond fancy of guides and residents believe unsurpassed and unique; and the unspoiled character of the scenery. Here are no mossy paths, well protected, to lead up or down to artificially manipulated "points"—no abominations of summer-houses or stations, where the visitor is conducted by a kind of ambuscade, whence he may look out on the view with a theatrical surprise and completeness inexpressibly annoying. If he goes, say, to the Guliot caves, he must go prepared to take his pleasure in the rough, prepared for some difficulty, and, unless he is strong-headed and sure-footed, for some danger. And nowhere will he find anything more artificial than a rude pathway, like a magnified sheep track down the cliffs. Certainly on the Coupée (Sark) the manifest risk of being blown into the sea has been somewhat diminished since 1811 by the widening of the roadway from two feet to six or eight; but as there is no rail on either side, there is still quite sufficient chance in a strong wind of being lifted off one's feet, and carried into eternity by a fall of a hundred and twenty yards, to satisfy the most adventurous. And the widening of the Coupée at Sark is the utmost which the islanders have done for their own safety or the convenience of sight-seers. The coast is everywhere so tempting, and the cliffs are so inaccessible, that the lingerer in the bays and caves whence there is no inland path has need of great caution, and must keep a sharp look-out if he would not be embayed and swept away by the rising tide. But there are so many things for the naturalist to collect, and for the artist to study, in those bays and caves, that a little foolhardiness and forgetfulness of time and tide are almost excusable. The wonderful colour of the sea and rocks—that colour which Natel so conscientiously renders—and the wealth of sea-creatures to be found at low water, may well make any one oblivious of danger. In the Guliot caves in Sark the

show of zoophytes is something quite special and exceptional. If you have been able to round the point, and make your way—a rough one—to the “Chimney”—which all but very stout or hysterical people may do with care and nerve—if you have then clambered over the barricade of seaweed-covered rocks which serves you for a road, and have reached the caves (which, by the by, are seen to perfection only twice in the year, at the two lowest tides), you will come upon a scene unique of its kind. Mussels—not many of these though—limpets, and barnacles innumerable cover the ground rocks, while the walls of the cave are set thick with sponges, corallines, and madrepores, and thicker still with those creatures we call generically “sea-anemones.” There they are of all colours, as closely packed in parts as the berries on an elder-branch; but, as the water has left them, they are tight buttoned up, and you see only a crowded encrustation of wet and shining gem-like knobs. You must make up the rest by your own imagination, and fancy them with their brilliant tentacles displayed, and their bright-beaded mouths open like flowers. But though the Guliot caves are the richest in this kind of treasure, there are *trouailles* everywhere; and if the visitor is fortunate, and knows where to look, the empty shell of a crab, or a little rock-work fortification, may guide him to the bed of a *pieuvre*; perhaps not so monstrous as Victor Hugo’s celebrated beast, but large enough to be a formidable assailant if it should choose to make a spring. Local tradition says that not very many years ago one of a “wracking” party at Jersey lost his life by a *pieuvre*. He had left his companions for a few moments, and soon after was found in a sitting posture, his head just under water, and his arms and legs lashed firmly together by one of these creatures. Its tenacity was so great, that though they hacked off all its limbs they could not detach the sucker, and had to take the poor dead body home with its loathsome parasite still sticking to it. We give the story as reported, but decline to vouch for its truth. As these creatures are everywhere, and as most of the Channel Islands’ bathing seems to be done in the open bays, with friendly rocks for dressing-rooms, there are probably frequent terrors among the fair bathers, to whom an octopus on the loose must be as formidable as a shark to the bathers in southern waters, or a crocodile to those in eastern rivers. Save the rock-broken bay of Cobo in Guernsey, the only sands worthy the name are at Jersey; but there is the curious shell beach at the small island of Herm, where the whole stretch on the northern side is composed of shells and shelly fragments like nothing else in the island group. Little Herm too has a *creux*—one of those strange funnel-shaped abysses which open into a field say, at the top, and communicate by a narrow subterranean passage with the sea; and of which the most famous are the Creux du Diable in Greater Sark, and the Pot in Little Sark. These are as remarkable in their way as the Guliot Caves and Les Boutiques, and if you go there with the tide coming in under a stiff breeze, and hear the roar of the waters and see the wild clouds of splashed-up foam as the waves are forced higher and higher into the funnel, making the ground tremble as they tear upward, you will hear and see something to strike your imagination and dwell there all your life after.

It would be impossible, save in a professed guide-book, to go through half that may be seen in these islands. They have beauties which, like those of mountainous countries, grow by knowledge; and the more you see of them the more you feel you have to study. No merely cursory visit—no commonplace “doing” the islands—can give the real meaning of the scenery. To know that one bay is Moulin Huet, and another Vazon, one point Pleinmont, and another Moya; to have nearly broken your neck by clambering down the cliffs into one cave, and to have been all but suffocated by burning furze in another, is not to have learnt the islands. Sark alone would repay weeks and months of careful study; and even Herm and Jethou have their lessons which are not to be mastered in a day. As for Herm, what with the incessant eating away of the sea, which the numerous rabbit warrens over the island aid so powerfully, its fate seems to be inevitably sealed. Gradually and surely it is falling piecemeal into the water, and in all probability will be the first of the group to disappear. The southern and eastern shores show traces of considerable landslips, and large portions of the cliff are only bound together by roots and grasses. The whole coast-lines of the Channel Islands are singularly dangerous and rocky. Perhaps nowhere are there more perilous or accentuated shores, and it takes good pilotage to keep the boats, between wind and current, from driving or drifting on the abundant rocks. In foggy weather nothing can be more perilous. The long dispute that existed between the Guernsey States and the Trinity House, relative to the erection of a lighthouse on Les Hanois, cost many ships and the lives of some hundreds of men; but now, since the Trinity House took the matter in hand and erected a lighthouse, the wrecks have been greatly diminished on that side of the island; only one since it was built some five or six years ago, instead of one or two every winter. Les Hanois are to the south-west of Guernsey, very picturesque and very treacherous, as indeed is the whole line; and the wonder is, not at the number of wrecks that occur, but at the number of ships that escape.

The currency is one peculiarity to which the visitor has to get accustomed. Charges are made in shillings and paid in francs, either of French or local coinage; but as there is a small premium on English money, the trouble of the mental arithmetic to be gone through by the unaccustomed may be considered paid for,

and use familiarizes the inhabitants. Then, the post is slow. You must be content to wait till Tuesday for an answer to a letter written on Friday in the larger two islands; in the smaller you must take what you can get and be thankful. In winter the direct postal service to Guernsey and Jersey is reduced to thrice a week, and even then “weather permitting” must be added; in Sark and Alderney perhaps a week of storm passes without any kind of communication with the world beyond. But there are compensations even in this. Though not extraordinarily cheap, most things being almost up to, and some beyond, English prices, living in the islands is on the whole cheaper than in England; and to the purely English inhabitants the premium on their home funds gives a slight advantage not to be despised. And they are safe. There are no robberies, no deeds of violence, no startling crimes here. At the most a few petty thefts, a little disposition to overreach in bargaining, and a not well-concealed arrogance on the part of the native islanders towards the strangers—that is the English—comprise the whole of their offences. And they are arrogant. Ask one of these islanders, speaking French and living under English rule, whether he is French or English, and he will tell you proudly, “neither.” He is a “Guernésais” or a “Sarkois.” Service in the parish churches is performed by law in French and English alternately; and the clerical tone throughout is decidedly Evangelical, not to say Calvinistic. A full choral service would be considered Ritualistic; and Ritualism, Romanism, and the mark of the Beast are all one. Yet at Alderney is one of Mr. Gilbert Scott’s best churches, deserving, one would say, a decidedly rich service. Agriculture is backward and slovenly throughout. By the law of succession, which divides the land equally among the children, there are no large holdings; and the value of the produce is so great that the cattle are allowed, and tethered to a certain radius of food. But the farmers say that the land is so fertile, and the grass so rich, that the beasts get in quality what they lose in quantity; and, indeed, the milk and butter of the islands are proverbial. The cows are of different, if allied, breeds; each island keeping its own, and claiming the superiority over its neighbours; and by a standing law none are allowed to be imported from abroad or from each other. In some of the more desolate districts—as at Cobo Bay, in Guernsey—the people are wretchedly poor and miserable, and it seems a puzzle how they live at all. The sea wrack, or *erac*, is their great source of riches, used as fuel and manure. It is odd to meet the clumsy country carts piled up with seaweed for the farms; odder still to see the little purple heaps drying in the waste places, and answering the same purpose as stacks of peat or cords of wood or bushels of coal. There is good fishing in the bays, and might be better if the trawlers had more conscience and less liberty; and the garden flowers are exceptionally fine, speaking well for the climate and mean temperature. Camellias, geraniums, myrtles, fuchsias stand the winter bravely, and attain an immense size, while semi-tropical plants flourish freely out of doors in sheltered places without the need of great care. There are old-world remains, too—barrows, which the local antiquary, Mr. Lukis, has explored and explained; and in his collection may be seen the “long head” and the “round head” of the early races, together with the little food-urns, and the flint arrow-heads, stone implements, charms, and fragments of pottery, &c., so well known to archaeologists. On the whole we know of no place within easy reach where a summer may be passed more pleasantly and profitably than in these islands; and if the visitor cares for society, and brings introductions to the proper people, he will find himself in the midst of hospitalities which will leave him no cause to complain of dulness or neglect.

THE GERMAN BISHOPS ON THE COUNCIL.

THE Pastoral Letter to the faithful of their dioceses just issued by the German prelates assembled at Fulda, and which is signed by two archbishops and seventeen bishops, is more remarkable for what it implies and what it omits than for what it says. There is no direct reference to the addresses presented by lay Catholics to the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Trèves, already noticed in our columns, though both these prelates are among the signatories; but the document betrays throughout an uneasy consciousness of the widespread feeling of dissatisfaction and alarm existing among German Catholics—and not among them alone, as the death-bed message of adhesion from the illustrious Montalembert eloquently testifies. Yet it contains, amid all its pious platitudes, no syllable really calculated to remove or lessen that anxiety, nor even any direct reference to the grounds for it which are well known to exist, and which our readers are by this time familiar with. The chief significance of the Pastoral, which is a very brief one, lies, therefore, in the official testimony it bears to this feeling—while, with a strange inconsistency, it roundly denies the actual or possible existence of parties within the Church—and in the indirect evidence it affords that the German Bishops are either unable or unwilling to grapple with it on any common ground. This negative character of the document will be best illustrated by an account of its contents, which for hyper-episcopal caution of statement would not have discredited the most “morbidly moderate” Bishop of the Church of England.

The Bishops begin by observing that our Holy Father Pius IX. has summoned “all the bishops of the earth” to a General Council, and that pious hearts are filled with joyful expectation of the results to be anticipated from this union of the successors of the Apostles

with the successor of St. Peter, in bringing out into clearer light the saving truths of Christianity, and giving more force to its holy laws. At the same time they are not ignorant of the grave anxiety which has been aroused even among warm and loyal members of the Church, or of the accusations of her enemies. And to these fears and charges they then proceed to address themselves. It has been loudly asserted—the Bishops might have added, not without strong reasons—that there is danger of the Council proclaiming new articles of faith not contained in Scripture and tradition, and establishing principles incompatible with modern civilization, science, and freedom; and further, of its extending unduly the power of the Apostolic See, and making it a spiritual tyranny. Nor have these alarmists shrunk from saying that the Bishops will not be allowed full freedom of deliberation, and will lack the moral courage for doing their duty in presence of the overbearing influence of the Roman Court. No doubt such fears have been expressed, and the grounds for entertaining them have been very explicitly put forward by many writers of mark and large information. How do the Bishops attempt to meet these allegations? Simply by answering in substance that no General Council can possibly go wrong, and that it is both wicked and foolish for any good Catholic to suspect the possibility of such a contingency. Be it so; but the fact remains that many good Catholics do entertain suspicions as to what may be done or attempted at the ensuing Synod, and, with the history of mediæval Councils before them, they may hardly find this short and easy method of settling the matter altogether convincing. But to come to details. "A General Council never will and never can proclaim new doctrines." Does this mean that the approaching Council cannot and will not proclaim Papal infallibility? If so, it would have been better to say as much. Or does it mean that, if Papal infallibility is proclaimed, it will thereby be proved not to be a new doctrine? If so, the Vincentian rule, *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus*, is virtually reduced to this—that whatever any Council, claiming to be Ecumenical under Papal sanction, may choose to affirm is thereby proved to have been always and everywhere believed in the Church, all facts to the contrary notwithstanding. Or is it rather, which seems more probable, a broad though indirect hint to the Pope and his advisers to take care what they are about? "A General Council never will and never can proclaim doctrines inconsistent with justice, the rights of the State, civilization, science, true freedom, and the welfare of the people." So far good, but what is the ground of this confident assertion? "Because Christ is always with His Church, and the Holy Ghost never deserts her; because when the successors of Peter and the Apostles, the Pope and Bishops, are lawfully assembled, they are divinely guaranteed against all error." But what constitutes being lawfully assembled? and have all Councils usually accounted General Councils in Latin Christendom fulfilled this condition? For instance, was the first Council of Lyons infallibly right in sanctioning the Papal claim to depose emperors, which seems rather like trenching on the rights of the State? Was the Council of Vienne right in suppressing the Order of Templars on the ground of charges too horrible to be stated here, but which were notoriously trumped up by the French Crown lawyers, in order to get hold of the property of a wealthy corporation, and wholly untrue? This hardly looks accordant with "the principles of justice." Was the fifth Lateran Council—a mere packed assembly of some fifty Italian bishops, but which Julius II. and Leo X. certainly meant to be regarded as Ecumenical—right in sanctioning the Bull *Pastor Aeternus*, which asserts the absolute superiority of Popes over Councils in the teeth of the opposite decisions of the General Councils of Constance and Basle? Some people might think this rather inconsistent with "legitimate freedom," to say nothing of ecclesiastical precedent. Perhaps, however, the German prelates may have some better reasons than they have thought it necessary to state for assuring their flocks that "no one need fear that the Council will do anything opposed to the needs of the present, or seek to transplant into this age the manners and regulations of the past."

There is one other point on which they not unnaturally feel somewhat touchy, and they accordingly assert with marked emphasis that the Holy Father will certainly allow them full time and freedom of discussion, and that the notion of their shrinking through any fear of man from the discharge of "the holiest of all their duties, the duty of bearing witness to the truth," is an unworthy suspicion which they hardly know how to deal with. Again, we must hope, with the records of mediæval Councils before us—that is, of all General Councils since the East was separated from the West—that they have stronger grounds for their confidence than former precedents can supply. Or else we might venture to remind them that at the Council of Vienne the Pope directed that no bishop should presume to speak without his opinion being asked, on pain of instant excommunication; and, that when the negotiations which led to the Council of Trent were going on, there was a general demand throughout Europe, first, that the Council should not meet in Italy, still less at Rome; and secondly, that the Bishops should be absolved from their stringent oath of obedience and fealty to the Pope, as indispensable conditions of any real freedom of action. The present Council will be composed exclusively of bishops bound by this oath, many of them guests of the Pope and pensioners on his bounty, and it is summoned to meet under the shadow of the Vatican.

Thus far the Bishops speak in self-defence against the doubts or suspicions that have been expressed about their action at the

Council. But when they come to the charges brought, in defiance of all reverence and love, against the Holy Father and the Holy Apostolic See, as though he, the chief pastor of the Church, could become the instrument of a party, words fail them to give utterance to their profound grief. They accordingly take refuge in two pages of indignant declamation against the notion that parties ever did exist, or ever can exist, in the Church. We are again obliged to suppose that German Bishops know less than the least learned of their countrymen about Church history, and contrive to live within a charmed circle into which the sights and sounds of the present are never permitted to intrude. That "the Church never approves of parties" may be true; that she "never endures" them is one of those statements in flat contradiction to every page of her history, which would be appropriate enough in the mouth of M. Veuillot or a writer in the *Tablet*, but which we should scarcely have looked for in an official document addressed by a grave and reverend assembly of prelates to the faithful Catholics of Germany.

Such is a full account of all the consolation—and very cold consolation it is—which the prelates assembled at Fulda have to offer to the "Liberal Catholics" who have appealed to them in the interests of their common faith. To the Ultramontane party, both in this country and on the Continent, it will probably appear a more than sufficient reply to the impertinent manifesto of what they affect to regard as no better than a body of respectable unbelievers, disguising under the outward forms of Catholicism their half-hearted allegiance, not to say their conscious antagonism, to Christianity and the Church. But such an impeachment, monstrous as it is, will not avail in this case. A voice which even Ultramontane intolerance cannot deny to be that of a fervent—many would say fanatical—Catholic, echoes back, almost from the grave, the strongest remonstrances and the worst fears of the German malcontents. It is the voice of the bosom friend of the restorer of monasticism in France, Father Lacordaire, the chivalrous upholder of Roman claims in the day of Rome's adversity, the man who broke at once and finally with the gifted Lamennais when Rome had driven him across the narrow boundary which separates Ultramontanism from infidelity. And it is a voice which recalls, alike in the circumstances and the substance of its solemn utterance, the memorable words of the pious and noble-hearted Lacordaire, "I die a penitent Catholic, and an impenitent Liberal." The words we are about to quote are contained in a letter written by M. Montalembert to one of the leading Liberal Catholics of Germany, from what he fully believes to be his death-bed, and the publication of which he has since authorized. They have all the solemnity which the universal instinct of mankind attaches to dying words, and all the moral weight which a long life of self-sacrificing devotion to an unpopular cause can give to the sorrowful but emphatic protest of one of its most illustrious champions. M. de Montalembert says:—

Twice during the course of the last few weeks I have felt that I was bordering upon the precincts of the grave, but still without attaining that deliverance for which I sigh, and which God, in His good pleasure, chooses that I should so long wait for. But the end of my sufferings cannot be far off, and already even I seem to feel that I have the power given me of judging of men and things here below with that sincerity and independence which death alone can accord. Amidst this feebleness of the body, my mind seems to me still to preserve a certain vigour, and it is with a sentiment of deep internal joy of heart that my mind turns now for refuge to those banks of the Rhine where my first impressions as a student began to develop themselves, and where I find again to-day the only consolation which it is permitted me to enjoy in the sphere of political and religious controversy.

He then refers to "the admirable address" of the lay Catholics of Coblenz, and proceeds:—

It would be impossible for me to express to you the degree of emotion and the charm I experienced at this glorious manifesto of Catholic faith and reason. It seems to me like a flash of lightning through the darkness; and at last I fancied I caught the sound of a really manly and Christian accent amid the heart-sickening declamation and adulation by which we have so long been deafened. . . . Everything in that document appeared to me to be irreproachable both as to form and matter. I could gladly have appended my signature to every word of it.

And then follows an expression of bitter regret at the servile Ultramontanism of his own country, which once took the lead in opposing its ignoble tyranny:—

Allow me to add one word on the sense of humiliation which I feel that to you, Germans of the Rhine, it should have been left this time to take the initiative in a demonstration that would so well have become the antecedents of Catholic France, as well as those convictions which, during the first half of the nineteenth century, won for us the honour of inaugurating religious liberty on the Continent.

We are not surprised to learn that these words have drawn on the dying patriot the fiercest curses of M. Veuillot of the *Univers*. They will assuredly wake an echo in many hearts throughout Catholic Europe, and, if the courage of the French prelates is equal to their convictions, can hardly fail to force the recognition of some unwelcome truths on the assembled Fathers of the Vatican.

Hardly less significant, both from the position and antecedents of the writer, and the very pronounced character of the convictions which he so openly avows, is Father Hyacinthe's letter to the General of his Order, announcing his retirement from it in consequence of commands received from Rome to retract publicly the liberal doctrines which he has preached for the last five years from the pulpit of Notre Dame, with the hearty sanction of the Archbishop of Paris. We may take another opportunity of returning to this remarkable document. Meanwhile, it is impossible not to be struck with the judicial blindness which seems to have fallen upon "an all-powerful party at Rome" who are doing their utmost to

precipitate a deadly conflict between the supreme authority of the Roman Catholic Church and all that is liberal or learned or enlightened among its priesthood or its laity.

PALEONTOLOGIC ARCHIVES.

WHAT is a palæontologic archivist? is a question which a few days ago we should have had some difficulty in answering. We are now able to say—thanks to M. Chasles' dearly-bought experiences—that he is almost the highest species of that very extensive genus, the predatory human being. Every race of animals has parasites specially adapted to live upon it. "Der Wallfisch," as the poet informs us, "hat doch seine Laus," and to each of us is assigned a different variety of that charming insect. So, for example, countrymen in London suffer from the attacks of the skittle-sharper; lads at the Universities or in the army are the appointed prey of the money-lender; the clergy and the respectable classes generally are assailed by the begging-letter impostor; and even the man of science affords a sufficient sustenance to a bloodsucker of peculiar organization. It might, indeed, be supposed that scientific men generally had a twofold protection; not only are they credited with superhuman sagacity on subjects connected with their own pursuits, but, as a rule, they are hardly rich enough to be worth plundering. Men, one would have supposed, with skill enough to deceive them, would rather fly at some more profitable if not nobler game. They would attack the pockets of millionaires; they would go in for commercial forgeries, get up Life Insurance Companies, or attempt some other scheme of plunder on a large scale. Probably, however, a man of real ingenuity is beginning to despise this mode as too easy; it is like shooting among vast herds of buffalo on an American prairie, and is scarcely exciting enough for a rogue of true sportsmanlike feeling. There is the same pleasure in bringing down a man of science as in trapping a beaver; it is not that the game is very big or very valuable, but that the pursuit requires so much skill and cunning. This, at least, seems to be the best way of accounting for some of the more remarkable cases of literary forgery. There is not only honour amongst thieves, as it would seem, but a certain amount of pleasure in the delicacies of their profession, and a pride in exhibiting a perfect command of their tools. Many a young man who, if he had thought only of pecuniary profit, might have become a forger and swindler on a princely scale, has been content to turn a dishonest penny by hoaxing a few humble professors. He may console himself by reflecting that he has imposed upon men who are apt to impose upon the whole world.

Such, at least, were our first reflections on reading M. Chasles' singular narrative; and yet, on further consideration, it is doubtful whether another view of the question does not become more conspicuous. A philosopher, we had naturally assumed, should be specially hard to deceive; he is trained to scepticism as to a moral duty; it is his business to take nothing for granted which does not rest on irrefragable proof. But, as we consider the story before us, it seems as if there were more foundation than we should like to acknowledge for the vulgar prejudice which dissociates theoretical from practical excellence. M. Chasles exhibits in some points a simplicity from which we might infer that he would afford very poor sport to the enterprising rogue; he swallows the bait without a struggle, and is even now manifestly unable to abandon his illusions without some regretful pangs. Yet the story on the faith of which he accepted the forged letters is surely startling enough to put any intelligent man on his guard. The list of names is something amazing. Galileo, Pascal, Louis XIV., Columbus, Calvin, Luther, Scaliger, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Ronsard, Tasso, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Laura, are by themselves a pretty good list, to say nothing of 2,000 letters of Rabelais, and several hundreds of Montaigne. Then, besides a long list of royal names, we have "a goodly number, bearing the names of Julius Cæsar, and other Roman Emperors, also of the Apostles and St. Jerome, Gregory of Tours, St. Augustine, Charlemagne, and many of the Merovingian Kings." The most remarkable touch in this statement is the way in which the Apostles are thrown in, as it were accidentally, between Roman Emperors and Charlemagne. It does not appear how many of these documents profess to be original, and how many were copies made in the Abbey of Tours by order of Rabelais; nor have we any account of how they descended from Rabelais to Foucault, and suddenly burst upon the world in this nineteenth century. M. Chasles appears to have been too easily convinced to care for further investigation, and the reasons he gives are truly singular. The "great number of these documents," he says, "the variety of subjects of which they treated, the names of the authors and their perfect concordance, left in my mind no doubt of their authenticity." The "names of the authors" we should have weakly imagined to afford the best possible reasons for suspicion; but it looks as if M. Chasles fancied that because Pascal, for example, is a great name, therefore any document bearing it must be authentic; or, in other words, that because the Rothschilds are enormously rich, therefore their name can never be forged. As for the concordance, it might indeed be surprising if the 20,000 documents referred to one period; but the argument is palpably weak when some are attributed to the Apostles and others to Louis XIV. Moreover, if they were all forged by one man, he would of course secure a tolerable, perhaps even an excessive, degree of concord-

ance. It would have been much more to the purpose if they had accorded with some independent documents, which those published unluckily declined to do. The one real argument is that it is hard to suppose a single man to have composed 20,000 forged papers referring to many subjects. To measure this difficulty accurately we must, however, know several facts; such as the length of time within which he might have laboured, the possibility of his having had assistance, and so on. M. Chasles assumed that his documents were either all authentic, or all written by the one man from whom he received them. There are an indefinite number of other alternatives possible, whose relative probability could only be determined by external evidence. And this brings us to the reason given by M. Chasles for not disclosing the source from whence they came. He refused this information to M. Le Verrier "because to let everybody know from whom I received them would have led to such offers being made to the possessor as he could not have resisted, and would have compromised the fate of the documents." It is difficult to understand the last words. A valuable document is safer the more widely its whereabouts is known, as a painter's masterpiece is safer when its position is known than when it is still the secret of a single connoisseur. Of course it was M. Chasles' interest to keep matters dark, because, as he truly says, the proprietor would otherwise have had irresistible offers. But then M. Chasles might have remembered that it could only be the proprietor's interest to keep matters dark if the letters were not authentic. The proprietor could have no objection to irresistible offers. If the "palæontologic archivist" believed that he had a series of genuine letters reaching from the Apostles to Louis XIV., and including unpublished documents by Dante and Shakspeare amongst hundreds of scarcely less interesting writings, would he have gone quietly to a single *savant* and begged him to say nothing about it to anybody? Unless a palæontologic archivist be another name for a lunatic, he would have published the existence of such a treasure to the world, and retired on the proceeds of the sale, instead of extracting a few thousand francs in the course of eight years. M. Chasles' explanation of the mysterious secrecy would quite free him from any suspicion, if any could have attached to him; but it only transfers the suspicion to the eccentric owner who, for no assignable reason but one, chose to hide his property so carefully as to destroy its value. The explanation that the man was a cheat, and did not want to have his forged wares detected, was apparently too obvious to content an acute philosopher. Poor M. Chasles, however, is not the first man by many who has been cruelly taken in whilst fancying that he was securing a great bargain, which for some unassigned reason was to be concealed from the world at large.

The whole story, indeed, may perhaps illustrate this truth more than any other. Beware of wonderful bargains and hidden treasures that come to light for your benefit alone. The chances are a hundred to one that you are selected, not as the most deserving, but as the most gullible person at hand. This seems but a very stale moral; and the fact that it seems to be neglected even by philosophers is rather discouraging to would-be preachers. We should fear that another lesson is more likely to be drawn. Antiquarianism is rather a dry pursuit, and is seldom very profitable; but any young man who has a taste that way may now see how to turn it to account. His morality must not be too squeamish; but it is easy to find apologies for questionable proceedings. Every day pictures are sold which profess to be the work of celebrated artists, and nobody thinks very badly of the dealers. The buyer takes them at his own risk, and has the pleasure of calling himself the proprietor of a Rubens or a Titian. The deceit gives pleasure to him, and does very little harm to anybody. Why should we not apply the same principle to literature? A young man would learn a good deal of history by composing letters which might safely be attributed to St. Paul, or Julius Cæsar, or Dante, or Shakspeare, or Rabelais; and if he had to tell a few lies to dispose of them, that is not more than is done daily in the way of business in every profession in the world. A good stroke of business was done in forging flint implements till their ingenious fabricator was cruelly put into gaol; and the man who with the lights of the present day should follow the path struck out by Ireland and other literary forgers would be as much superior to such vulgar thieves as the director of a bubble company is to a pickpocket, and would have some chance of being applauded for his ingenuity. It is, however, rather hard upon the unlucky recipient of his wares if he should take the matter as seriously as poor M. Chasles; and on the whole we cannot conscientiously recommend the plan, even on the plea that in attributing modern works to the ancients we are only making partial amends for the thefts which are constantly going on in the opposite direction.

THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

IF astronomers have during the last year blamed the weather for too often hiding the sun from them as effectually as if he were eclipsed, they ought to thank the moon for performing the operation in her own manner apparently much more frequently than she used to do, and with the most brilliant results. Formerly, indeed, astronomers were very thankful for a good total eclipse of the sun within the civilized area every ten years or so, and the years 1842, 1851, 1860, and 1868 are all of them marked with a red letter in scientific history; but, besides the now famous eclipse

of 1868, we have been favoured with one in 1869, and we are informed by Mr. Hind that we are to have another in 1870. It is not often that celestial phenomena present themselves so entirely at the precise moment at which they are wanted, and surely, if a good large comet would also obligingly present himself, the cup of astronomical bliss would be full to overflowing.

Our present object is to chronicle some of the scientific work done at this year's eclipse, which was observed in America; but for its right understanding it is essential that we should first say a few words on eclipse teachings generally, and give an idea of the state of our knowledge on the subject prior to, and of the questions which had to be put to the sun during, the eclipse to which we refer. To begin at the beginning; time out of mind, when the sun has been totally eclipsed, a strange halo of light has been seen surrounding the dark body of the moon, and to this halo, or corona, were added in 1706 other strange things since called, variously, red flames, prominences, or protuberances. With regard to these things seen in eclipses, but not at other times, the first question was, were they solar, lunar, or terrestrial? In the case of the red flames, the eclipse of 1842 failed to settle the question, and it was not till 1860, when Mr. De la Rue, one of the members of the Government Eclipse Expedition sent out to Spain in that year, photographed them, and showed how the dark moon passed over them, that they were acknowledged on all hands to be real solar appendages. In the case of the corona, it had been observed many times that its light was polarized; this was imagined to prove that this also was solar, and at last it settled down into a solar atmosphere. So that in the year 1860 we may say that the current notion was that the corona was solar, and was in fact the solar atmosphere; and that the red flames were solar, and existed in that atmosphere. Then came the next question, What were these red flames, assuming them to be solar?

Already, in 1866, we find Mr. Lockyer imagining them to be masses of gas, and feeling for them with a small spectroscope, but the instrument was too small. The settlement of the problem was in consequence delayed, and it was not until the eclipse of 1868 that their nature was demonstrated. They were really masses of gas; and this gas was shown both by Mr. Janssen and Mr. Lockyer, independently, to be hydrogen, and by a method which makes us very much more independent of eclipses than we were formerly. So that, after the eclipse of 1868, the notion was that the red flames were masses of hydrogen floating in a solar atmosphere represented by the corona. One of the first results of Mr. Lockyer's method of observing the sun without an eclipse, by which method the red flames can be seen every day, indicated that it was extremely improbable that the solar atmosphere was as extensive as some drawings of the corona would appear to require; and at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society the extreme variation in the drawings of the corona, as seen by observers of the same eclipse in different places, was pointed out in support of the spectroscopic evidence, which goes to show that in the *chromosphere*—the outer solar envelope of which the red flames are the higher waves—the pressure is extremely small, though the temperature is still comparatively high. The importance of this evidence will be obvious in a moment when we consider that an excessive outer atmosphere would require a greater pressure at its apparent base, and that a high temperature would render the outer atmosphere itself incandescent, and it would probably be as visible spectroscopically as the red flames themselves.

Here, then, was one point at all events for the next eclipse. Another, scarcely of less interest and importance, was to compare the evidence of the spectroscope with that of the eye; to translate, as it were, the language of the spectroscope into the vulgar tongue, and thus utilize the former eye-records of the eclipses which happened in the pre-spectroscopic age.

We now come to the American eclipse which happened on the 7th of last month. It swept over the North American Continent diagonally, from Behring's Straits to a point in lat. 34 degrees N. on the Washington meridian. It is stated that, although it traversed a central belt of well-populated territory, there seems to have been scarcely a town of any considerable magnitude along the entire line which was not garrisoned by observers having some special astronomical problem in view. The Government, especially the Navy Department, and the various railway companies threw themselves into the inquiry with the utmost liberality, and the result is an enormous gain to science, of which America may well be proud; certainly an eclipse has never been so magnificently and extensively observed before. Of course, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to enable us to receive the results obtained by all the observing parties. In fact, the only report *in extenso* received up to the present time, so far as our knowledge extends, is that of Professor Morton's party, which is so full of interest that it deserves to be dwelt upon at some length. The spectroscopic results demand our first attention, as we have especially led up to them in what has gone before.

Premising that the conclusion is not endorsed by other observers, if we are to believe the newspaper accounts, we may commence by stating that the result arrived at by Professor Morton's party as to the nature of the corona—the most important inquiry—is, we may almost say, of a most *bizarre* description. In the first place, it is stated that the light of the corona is *not* polarized, thereby upsetting all the previous work on which the theory of the corona being a solar appendage was supposed to rest. Professor Pickering, in fact, found that while the sky was strongly polarized

all round close up to the corona, that object itself was not a source of polarized light; the corona was observed colourless, projected on a ground of tints complementary in the two images of the corona and the surrounding sky, seen in the polarizing apparatus. Next we learn that the entire light from the totality phase gave a continuous spectrum; and next, most startling thing of all, Professor C. A. Young states that he has evidence that the *solar corona* is a *permanent solar aurora*! so that, to quote Professor Morton's report, "It would thus seem almost certain that the corona is simply an electric discharge, no doubt varying with great rapidity, as we see in the case of the aurora, and to its variations we may attribute those apparent motions of the prominences which have been observed by so many, but which our large series of photographs so conclusively shows not to have any actual existence."

The evidence for this statement lies in the fact that the bright lines which Professor Young states he saw in the spectrum of the corona are apparently, "by graphical construction," coincident with the bright lines observed by Professor Winlock in the spectrum of the Aurora Borealis. Of the nine bright lines seen by Professor Young in a prominence, three remained visible when the image of the prominence itself was removed from the slit, and the other lines disappeared. Professor Harkness, of Washington Observatory, states that he saw one bright line in the spectrum of the corona on a continuous-spectrum background. Now, although these observations deserve to be treated with the utmost respect, it is clear that with such a startling hypothesis resting upon them, they will have to undergo a very severe criticism, and some of this criticism lies on the surface. In the first place, the polariscope observation stands alone. In all prior eclipses in which that instrument has been employed, a directly opposite result has been obtained. Secondly, the fact that the spectrum of the light of the totality phase was continuous proves too much, if it proves anything; for, granting it not to arise from a faint light and a wide slit, a solar aurora could not give such a spectrum, and one of bright lines too. And, finally, Professor Young and Professor Harkness might have been analysing a high-level prominence when they thought they were analysing the corona, for one at least of the lines they attribute to the corona is among those already chronicled by Mr. Lockyer in the chromosphere spectrum.

Confining ourselves merely to these considerations, this at all events is clear—that the eclipse of 1870 must be well observed. The new method, so far from rendering observations of eclipses unnecessary, lends a vastly increased interest and importance to them, and we trust soon to hear that an eclipse expedition is being organized by the Government for 1870, on the 1860 model. There can be little doubt that it will be as rich in results as was its prototype.

We now come to the more ordinary observations of the eclipse made by Professor Morton's party. The photographers were extremely fortunate, and the history of the eclipse is written in an unbroken series of photographs. No less than thirteen pictures were taken during the totality by three instruments; these show abundant detail and, in some cases, much of the corona. Some special photographs were taken of the corona by means of a long exposure, and the result was to give almost as full a development to the object as that observed by the eye, the curved structure of the rays, and the varying intensity with which they shine in different points, being very marked. Professor Morton gathers from these photographs that the "brightest outbursts of the corona light are associated with those prominences which are of a pointed and flame-like shape, those of a massive description appearing to cast a shadow on the corona. Another idea which Professor Morton gathers from the photographs is that an increase of light on the solar surface in contact with the edge of the moon indicates really, as Professor Challis has before suggested, a very rare lunar atmosphere. The prominences observed are described as follows:—

The most conspicuous prominence is that which, at a hasty glance, seems to resemble the letter X, but, on more careful inspection, is perceived to be like an ear of corn. It consists of a solid central mass inclined at an angle of about 45° to the normal at the solar surface, and with three branches from near its upper end, one sweeping backwards in a direction generally parallel to the solar surface, another forward, as concerns the direction of the general mass, and a third branching out a little below and running in the same direction as this last. The appearance of the main body, which is of a spindle shape, and with spiral markings, is highly suggestive of a vortical motion which has swept these whiffs of light matter into their peculiar positions.

It was believed by several observers, that this object moved rapidly while they were watching it; but as the same positions are shown in the eight different negatives, (taken at Burlington and Ottumwa,) which contain it, there can be no doubt of its permanent character.

It appears, however, beyond doubt that motion, amid the light surrounding the sun, was observed, as there is much accordant testimony on the subject. But this motion, as we shall presently see, there is every reason to believe existed in the corona, and not in the prominences, which, however, might easily have the appearance of movement, if seen against a background of shifting light.

Immediately to the right of this ear of corn, was seen a region of soft light, among which rose two similar spindle-shaped masses inclining towards the corn ear.

To the left appeared a mass of rolling cloud disposed in beautiful streams and curls, like the smoke from a bonfire or burning meadow, swept gently toward one side by a light wind. In connexion with these were some small masses, entirely detached and floating above the general body, as was the case in De la Rue's pictures.

Other solid nodular masses appeared at other points; but the next most notable prominence was one which attracted the attention of all observers, and appeared to occupy a position on the lowermost edge of the sun. It is most clearly shown in the last pictures taken at each station, and resembles, in shape, a great whale with a body made up of dense cumulous cloud matter, with a long tail clinging close to the solar edge, and stretching some 40,000 miles along. The length of the entire mass is about 110,000 miles, and the height of its more bulky portion about 28,000 miles, while its

length being about 70,000 miles, we would have for its cubic capacity, assuming that its extent in the remaining direction is equal to its height, about 54,880,000,000,000 cubic miles.

To the right of this, and only showing its entire length in the last picture of each series, was a caterpillar-like mass of cloud matter, very much like the solid rolls of horizontal vapor which are sometimes seen passing over a sheet of water. At one end rose a projecting head, but the rest clung closely to the solar edge, and was indented with ring-like divisions, giving it much the aspect of a huge worm.

We do not gather that the chromosphere was observed by the spectroscope either before or after the eclipse, or that any observations as to the colour of the various prominences were made. This is to be regretted. But, on the other hand, we are indebted to Professor Young for a beautiful method of determining the moments of the commencement and end of the eclipse, with an accuracy hitherto undreamt of. This method consists in keeping the slit of the spectroscope directed to the point at which the contact is to take place, and noticing the extinction and reappearance of the base of the bright line C in the spectrum of the outer solar envelope, which Mr. Lockyer has named the chromosphere. In this way, the time of the first contact was determined five seconds before it was evident by any other method.

After what we have stated, we may venture to express a hope that the other reports, when they arrive, will be as rich in food for thought and for work during the next eclipse as this, the first which has been received.

CURRENT DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

III.

SEVERAL of the London theatres are supplied by Rimmel the perfumer with play-bills of the same size and pattern, and thus, by a touch of unconscious satire, it is suggested that the entertainments provided at these theatres have a strong family resemblance, which indeed might be expected from the identity which frequently occurs of parentage. We cannot help thinking that both authors and audiences would derive advantage from an arrangement by which two or three theatres should bring out the same piece at the same time. It is difficult to imagine that any person really cares whether he sees *Dreams*, which has been performed ninety times at the Gaiety Theatre, or *Progress*, which has been performed six times at the Globe Theatre, or some other of the numerous dramas which Mr. Robertson supplies in answer to managerial demand. The theatres are conducted on the same principle as many churches where it is insisted that a single preacher shall deliver two original discourses every Sunday, and it is deemed sufficient condemnation of a sermon to say that it has been heard before. The managers require that the plays shall be different, but that the authors shall be the same, and thus a successful writer's head, or at any rate his hand, is kept incessantly at work. It is possible that Mr. Mechi of Tip-tree Hall has invented, or may invent, some sort of manure by which a man's brain may be made to produce successive crops of dramatic literature at frequent intervals, but, unless some such expedient should be found available, it really will become necessary to enlarge the area of cultivation, or, in other words, to try whether there are more than two or three persons in England who are able to write plays. It is to be hoped that when Mr. Cole C.B. organizes another International Exhibition he will make arrangements for the elucidation of that curious process by which a modern comedy is manufactured. Among all the labour-saving contrivances of our age there can be none more ingenious than that which enables an author to produce four or five "comedies" and "great dramas" within twelve months. It was said of a dramatist of a former age that he produced a play as often as his wife produced a child, but, compared with the activity of modern writers, that was merely standing-still. By the force of brilliant talents, and under the pressure of stern necessity, Sheridan produced in his lifetime four or five plays, which is no more than one of his successors would accomplish in a single year. We are informed by the newspapers that *Progress* is "founded" on a French play, but whether Mr. Robertson considers it to be less or more original than his other works of the present year we do not know. The plot, so far as there is a plot, might easily have been invented by any dramatist of moderate ingenuity; and probably something like it has been invented a hundred times before.

It is remarkable that critics treat dramatic authors with a rigour which they do not apply to novelists. The plot of a drama must either be original, or the author must handsomely acknowledge that he has borrowed it from the French or German. But nobody seems to expect that the plot of a novel should be original, and in fact the same framework of a story is used with slight variations a hundred times by different authors. The wonder rather is, not that the dramatists are not more original, but that they do not copy more industriously. They never seem to look beyond the French dramatic literature of the last ten years, whereas the dramatic literature of all countries for three centuries is open to them. One would suppose that a writer having familiarity with the stage, and faculty of observing character, would easily combine the new and old so as to produce an inexhaustible supply of what might pass for original compositions. The works of Mr. Robertson are perhaps as good as can be expected considering the rapidity with which they must be composed, but we would venture to suggest that he might put double the amount of labour into a single play and perform it at two theatres at once. If it be true that the nation does not possess above two or three dramatic

authors, it ought to take good care of them, and not permit them to exhaust their valuable talent by incessant composition. It is much more entertaining to see a good play three times than to see three different bad plays. Mr. Robertson's plays do not deserve to be called bad, but they are so very moderately good that whether we see one or another or none of them we are equally well pleased, and the wonder is that managers and journalists should combine to represent them as considerable works. There is hardly any story in *Progress*, and the name irresistibly calls to mind a dialogue reported, we believe, in *Punch*, between a fidgety old gentleman and the conductor of an omnibus. "Conductor! is this omnibus going on?" "No, sir, this here 'bus is a standing still." Common people talk in a common way, and when a critic recommends "the judicious use of the pruning knife," we would beg him to remember that the manager of the Globe Theatre has first to get people to his theatre, and then to keep them there. Some other critic of the trenchant order recommended that Mr. Robertson's play of *School* should be shortened by omitting a long scene which represents an examination of a young ladies' class; and it must be allowed that the critic was so far right that this part of the performance is as tedious as the actual examination which it professes to represent would be. But then where are you to stop? There are portions of Mr. Robertson's, and indeed of many other plays, which an audience tolerates because it expects, although perhaps it turns out to be mistaken in expecting, that something good will follow. The manager probably feels the emptiness of these parts of his entertainment as sensibly as any person in the theatre. But what is he to do? He is like the host and hostess who are giving a dull dinner party, and it won't be eleven o'clock by his merely wishing it. Some enterprising people have lately built several new theatres, and how they are to be kept going for the winter is more than we can tell. Indeed the only prospect of success that we can discern lies in a large extension of the casino principle. The plays which Mr. Robertson produces with such facility might be called comedies of the cigar and coffee order. If we could have a comfortable seat, and room to stretch the legs, and liberty to smoke and drink, we could observe the stagnation which is called *Progress* for two hours or more with equanimity. The characters do nothing, and their talk is about as interesting as the articles in an ordinary newspaper. We feel as we listen that—if we could have a pipe, and if one of the actors could be informed, without wounding his feelings, that *nebula* is a noun singular, and if all reference to the pimples in the face of Mr. Bob Bunythorne could be omitted—we should be very nearly, if not quite, as comfortable as we could be at home.

Having seen *Dreams*, and having seen *Progress*, it becomes an interesting intellectual exercise to determine which of the two pieces one would most rather not see again. There is more action in the former piece, but then the action is awkward and improbable. Some slight curiosity is awakened to know what will happen to Mr. John Hibbs when the other characters of the drama have accomplished their manifest destiny by marrying; but this curiosity is disappointed, and nothing whatever happens to Mr. John Hibbs. We think that, as the author has got a nunery on the stage, he might at least have caused a nun to emerge from it and renounce Popery and embrace Mr. Hibbs at the same moment. We are not sure that a little judicious development of this scene might not induce the Evangelical clergy to except *Dreams* from the condemnation which they pass upon stage-plays in general. But in its undeveloped state it leaves Mr. Hibbs as odd man out in what we must call a slovenly and inartificial manner. There is a scene earlier in the play where the German hero of it, who is sick in a London lodging, is visited there by Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and afterwards by the Duke of Loamshire, whom she is engaged to marry. They come, in violation of all probability, to this German's lodging, for no other purpose, as appears, except to be pointed at by the German's parents. This worthy couple, so far as we remember, say not a single word, but merely extend their fingers towards the Duke and Lady Clara, and thus constitute what the critics call "a strong situation." The action of *Dreams* is absurd, but in *Progress* there is no action at all. A knot of people get together in a country house, and declaim against railways, in which, however, some of them ultimately perceive certain advantages. There is a young lady who is in love with a civil engineer, and he, not even knowing that he is thus favoured, has no opportunity of being in love with her; so the young lady is very ill, and takes to her bed. The appearance of the engineer and the sanction of the young lady's friends to the addresses which he is induced to pay have the surprising effect of curing the young lady of a bad consumptive cough. That is all the story of the play, and the only attempt at a striking incident is when the young lady, being in want of air, opens a window and walks out in a white dress into a snow-storm, and is met and carried in by the engineer. All the rest of the piece is occupied by conversations which are intended to develop the characters of the drama, and we should say that these conversations are about as interesting as those by which the occupants of a first-class railway carriage, who are inclined to talk, develop their characters during a journey to Scotland or Devonshire. It is undeniable that this author has sometimes written conversations which people who have heard them will quote from memory, and wish to hear again. But we cannot conceive that anybody who has seen *Progress* would desire to assist a second time at the dreary solemnity of its performance. The principal occupation, for we will not say entertainment, of the evening is presented by a comic drama, also by Mr. Robertson,

called *A Breach of Promise*, which really has some pretension to the character given to it in the bills. There is some ineffectual fun which is intended to be raised out of attempts by a professed orator to deliver a speech at a wedding breakfast, but the comic incident of the piece is that a hot-water bottle is put upon a man's head instead of against his feet. This piece answers the intention of making people laugh, and, further than that, it has a slight plot which awakens some faint interest; whereas the longer and more pretentious piece which follows it has no plot whatever, and awakens not the faintest interest, except to see how long a play about nothing may be made to last.

We must, however, do the manager of the Globe Theatre the justice to observe that he is endeavouring to amuse the public with what he calls "modern comedy and drama," without having recourse to burlesque. If we are weary of Mr. Robertson's comedies, we are infinitely more weary of Mr. Burnand's burlesques. As almost nobody goes to the theatres this month, and we suppose nobody pays, it cannot matter what the amusements are, but they were the same in the height of the London season. It is difficult to distinguish one of Mr. Robertson's comedies from another, but to perceive any difference among Mr. Burnand's burlesques is utterly impossible. His works are in even greater demand than those of Mr. Robertson, and he must necessarily produce them in a still more hasty and imperfect way. The suggestion which we offered to Mr. Robertson might be even more worthy of Mr. Burnand's attention. Let him compose only one burlesque which can be performed at two or three theatres simultaneously. The words would be the same at all these theatres, but nobody pays the least attention to them. The popular tune of the day is inevitable in all burlesques, whether they are composed by Mr. Burnand or any other artist. The dances would be more likely to be different in the same burlesque played by various companies than in various burlesques played by the same company, although it must be owned that the dances in all burlesques are very much alike, and in fact those who contrive them aim at producing the same effects by the same causes. We offer this suggestion, because it is evident, from one or two of Mr. Burnand's pieces now being performed, that his genius is utterly exhausted, and of course it is impossible to suggest any substitute either for Mr. Burnand or for the sort of entertainment which he provides. There is a burlesque by this author on the story of Faust now being performed at the Charing Cross Theatre, which is perhaps good enough for people who go to theatres in September, and so we will say no more about it.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

IT was scarcely to be expected that the falling-off observable at so many great meetings this year would not be experienced at Doncaster also. The Yorkshiremen are as enthusiastic as ever about racing; but the demands made on the energies of horses, owing to the multiplicity of race-gatherings all over the kingdom, are so enormous that it is vain to expect them to be adequately responded to, as in days gone by. An old-fashioned weight-for-age race like the Fitzwilliam Stakes, that has often attracted the best horses of the day, was left to two runners, and the time-honoured Cup had nothing better in it among the four-year-olds than Blueskin, or among the threes than Lord Hawthorn. Indeed the racing throughout the week was decidedly tame and spiritless, and even the Leger itself failed to awake the usual enthusiasm, so mediocre was the quality of the field. As a set-off to the dulness of the racing, the yearling sales were on the whole successful, and the prices better than could have been expected in these depressed times. The hero of the week was Caterer, whose stock fetched large prices, one of his sons being purchased by the Pretender stable for twelve hundred guineas. The Lord Clifdens also were in high favour, and the solitary representative of St. Albans made 530 guineas. On the other hand, the defeat of Pretender in the Leger had a depressing effect on the Adventurers, whose average was very poor; nor were the Blair Atholes and Gladiateurs sought after with any eagerness. Take them altogether, a better set of yearlings have not been offered for sale this season.

•Contrary to general expectation, Pretender and Pero Gomez met for the second time in the Doncaster Stakes. Each carried 10 lbs. extra—Pretender as a Derby, and Pero Gomez as a Leger winner; and, in addition, there were Typhon, Duke of Beaufort, Martinique, and Castle Hill. Pero Gomez, whom we have not hitherto regarded as a horse that cared for two races in a single week, looked on this occasion none the worse for his exertions in the Leger; but Pretender's appearance and going gave no satisfaction whatever. As Martinique was receiving a stone from the two cracks, it was thought that, if she had recovered her early form, she might have a fair chance of beating them; but she appears to have lost her fine turn of speed altogether, as she was unable to get near the front at any part of the race. Typhon ran, as usual, very fast for a mile, at which distance he ought to win some races, but only Pretender and Pero Gomez were really in it when they turned into the straight. The distance, a mile and a half, suiting Pretender better than the Leger Course, he was able to get much nearer to Sir Joseph Hawley's horse; but the latter won easily at the finish by half a length. Pretender, it is clear, is somewhat deficient in staying powers, but when he is fit and well he will yet show himself a real good horse over a mile and a quarter or a mile and a half. It was strange that Pero

Gomez should have been tried in the spring not to stay over a mile and a quarter, and should suddenly evince in the autumn the most undoubted staying qualities. The Doncaster Stakes and the Leger were the only three-year-old races of interest during the week, but there was a fair amount of good two-year-old racing, and two new candidates for Derby honours were brought by their performances into prominent notice. The Champagne Stakes were never more easily won than this year by Sunshine, who was opposed by Mantilla, the filly by Asteroid out of Madame Eglantine, Zeno, Thin Skin, and Fusee. Sunshine, who is certainly one of the grandest-looking fillies ever seen, ran in her usual lazy, sluggish fashion, and the speedy Mantilla appeared at one time about to pass her, but directly Fordham really made her go Sunshine strode away and won easily. She requires a scope of ground, and the longer the course the more it is to her liking. Being at present perfectly sound, it is to be hoped that she may escape the ill fate that has so persistently assailed Mr. Merry's three-year-olds, and may recompense him for his disappointments with Liddington and Belladrum, who were good for nothing after two years. Sunshine has now run five times, and has never been beaten. She will have a 7 lbs. penalty in the Middle Park Plate, in which she may possibly encounter Kingcraft, who at present divides with her the supremacy of the two-year-olds. The Filly Stakes attracted Frivolity, Agility, and Cestus to the post, and the beautiful daughter of Macaroni and Miss Agnes won cleverly, but not easily enough from Agility to make her the formidable rival to Sunshine that her sanguine friends imagine she will be. The dark Stanley, by Knowsley out of Allegra, came out for the first time in a sweepstakes over the T.Y.C., which at Doncaster is very nearly a mile in length. Being quite unfit and only half-trained, no one dreamed of his beating Gertrude, Sunlight, and Burgundy, who were the best public performers among his opponents; but though he ran very raw, and at the Red House seemed quite out of the race, he made up his lost ground with great rapidity, and, coming with a tremendous stride at the finish, won by a head from Torreador, almost as great an outsider as himself. Stanley is a splendid galloper when fully extended, and if he stands training and makes proportionate improvement, ought to be in the front rank of the three-year-olds next year. Perhaps the sensation of the week, however, in the way of two-year-old racing, was the wonderful form shown by Camel, a chestnut colt by Thormanby out of Eastern Princess, in Joseph Dawson's stable, who, after running in various plates at Newmarket and other places without success, beat Perfume, White Slave, and Agility over the T.Y.C. on the Thursday, and on the last day of the meeting won the Nursery in a canter, carrying 8 st. 6 lb., and giving 3 st. all but a pound to the second, and more or less weight to everything else in the race except Queen of Hearts. This performance was so good, and his appearance and action were deemed so satisfactory, that he was forthwith promoted to the front rank of Derby favourites.

The Cup, as we have before said, was a failure, and resulted in a singular surprise. Mr. Savile started two—Blueskin, and Vanichka to make running for him, and Mr. Jardine adopted the same policy by sending Good Hope to prepare the way for Lord Hawthorn. Acaster was the fifth, so that a more moderate field could not have been selected for a race of this class. Vanichka and Good Hope set about to perform the duty that was required of them, but unfortunately in the meanwhile Lord Hawthorn ran against a post and threw his jockey. So Good Hope was left to bustle along on his own account, which he did to such good purpose that Blueskin toiled after him in vain, and was very easily beaten. The Handicaps that deserve notice were the Great Yorkshire and the Portland Plate. There was a fair field for the former race, including Formosa, Paul Jones, War, Géant des Batailles, Argyle, and The Laird. Paul Jones was in at such a moderate weight that his owner was extremely confident. Often, however, as the whilome "steam-engine"—now, we fear, degraded to the level of a stage-coach—had disappointed his owner, there was yet a further disappointment in store for him; for, when leading the field up the straight, and with the race apparently at his mercy, he hit his leg, and dropped back instantly. The race was then left to Argyle and Géant des Batailles, but the boy was unable to get the former out, and Lord Zetland's horse won by a length. Argyle is a great awkward horse, requiring to be held well together, and this his jockey could not do. Lord Zetland's victory was, of course, infinitely popular in Yorkshire, and it is noticeable that Géant des Batailles has always run well at Doncaster. Paul Jones must be ranked in the list of those unhappy animals who are just good enough to vex their owners, and who are always meeting with some casualty in the moment of victory. We should add that Formosa was never formidable at any part of the race, and that War ran in his own slow, muddling manner, and was quite outpaced. Had the distance been ten miles he might have won. There were twenty runners for the popular Portland Plate, and the old horses were represented by Plaudit, Xi, and Historian, and among others noted for speed over short courses were Ficker, Minnie Warren, Vex, and Lady Zetland. Plaudit ran well in front for some time, when his leg gave way, and he retired. Then Minnie Warren seemed to be winning easily, till Argyle came out, and running this time as straight as an arrow, had everything safe opposite the Stand, and won by two lengths. Lady Zetland, last year's winner, was third, and the majority of the remainder were pulled up when their chances of victory were hopeless.

REVIEWS.

THE KABBALA.*

ALTHOUGH the exposition of the strange doctrines of the Jewish Kabbala by M. Adolph Franck has not been received by the learned world without opposition, it may, we believe, be conceded that in the present state of knowledge he must be accepted as the chief teacher of a branch of erudition which is extremely difficult of access. M. Franck is a Jew; he has deeply studied the more recondite parts of the literature of his race in the original Hebrew; an extensive familiarity with the religion and philosophy of other peoples—shown in his work *La Religion et la Philosophie*, lately reviewed in our columns—enables him to make illustrative comparisons which are probably beyond the reach of the professed Rabbi, the advantage of whose depth is counterbalanced by lack of extension; and he is ever agreeable and lucid on subjects the treatment of which may easily, and even pardonably, be disagreeable and obscure. Even among scholars of philological, theological, and metaphysical attainments, those who can seek for a knowledge of Jewish mysticism at its fountain-head, and profitably turn over the dark pages of the Zohar, must be extremely rare. Smatterers in Hebrew are fewer than smatterers in many other tongues; much fewer are the Hebraists who are capable of reading, even with the most moderate fluency, the Sacred Books which form the classics of the language; and *paucissimi* indeed must be those who can digest the works of abstruse Rabbis, printed, be it remarked, without points. Under such circumstances, we may fairly follow the guidance of M. Franck through the intricate labyrinth of Jewish mysticism till competent judges have discovered a better man.

For the present we leave out of consideration the history of the origin or diffusion of Kabbalistic science, since we have enough to do in stating what the science really is. It is sufficient to premise that a secret theology, to which the name "Kabbala" is attached, traditionally attributed to Abraham, and even to Adam, is supposed to have existed among the Jews from an early period, and to have been diffused among adepts who were strictly enjoined not to divulge its mysteries among the ordinary followers of the Mosaic law; that the existence of this theology was first made known to Christendom in the thirteenth century, by the schoolman Raymond Lully, of Majorca, and has since influenced many Christian theologians, many of them little acquainted with its true purpose; and that it is chiefly contained in two books, respectively entitled "Sepher Jetzirah," or "The Book of Creation," and "Zohar," or "Light." Of the second of these books, which is more copious and more important than the other, we here give a brief analysis.

Before the creation of any mundane form the Deity was, according to the "Zohar," alone and formless, but after he had produced the form of the celestial or pristine man, Adam Kadmon (of whom more hereafter), he used this as a Mercabah, or chariot, by means of which he descended into a more definite condition, wishing to make himself known by attributes. It is a result of this descent that he is called the God of Mercy, the God of Justice, the Almighty, and so on; but the first condition excludes every kind of predicate. Had it not been for this descent, he would have been beyond the reach of human knowledge, and the universe would not have been filled with his glory. Woe to those who dare to compare the Deity even to one of his own attributes, when he is to be regarded as above all attributes and all creations. This general doctrine, with details more characteristic of the peculiarities of the Kabbala, is illustrated by an allegory. The residue that is left after an abstraction of all form and attribute may be compared to a sea, the waters of which, in themselves without figure, produce a figure when diffused over the earth. Now the source of the waters, and the jet by which they are cast abroad, are two, and the result of their action is the formation of a vast basin, which is filled by the waters issuing from the source, and is thus the sea itself, which is counted as the third on the list of entities. From this vast abyss issue seven canals or vessels, which, with the source, the jet, and the sea, make up the number ten. If the vessels are broken by the workman who constructed them, nothing but the fragments will remain, and the waters will return. In like manner the Cause of Causes has produced the ten principles called the Sephiroth. The first of these is the Crown (Kether), whence proceeds an infinite and incomprehensible light. Then is formed a vessel, no more capacious than a point, and therefore comparable to the Hebrew letter Yod, but which is nevertheless penetrated by the divine light, and this is the second Sephirah, Wisdom (Chokmah). The vast basin of the sea is now produced, and this is the third Sephirah, Intelligence (Binah). The seven remaining Sephiroth, which are as so many vessels filled by the waters of the sea, are Mercy (Chesed) or Greatness (Gedulah); Justice (Din) or Strength (Geburah); Beauty (Tiphareth); Triumph (Netsach); Glory (Hod); Basis (Jesod); and Kingdom (Malkuth). It is by virtue of these Sephiroth that the Deity, so to speak, acquires his attributes.

The passage in the Zohar closely represented in the above paragraph is said to contain implicitly all that the Kabbalists have conceived respecting the divine nature; but so extremely close is the packing, that something much more explicit will be demanded

by the student. The merest smatterer in speculative philosophy will see at a glance that the summit of the theory is that abstract *Ens* or One which figures in so many systems; but what is the exact function of the Sephirah (pl. Sephiroth), which, though a divine attribute, seems in some way external to the Deity? As to the practical use of the Sephiroth, all Kabbalists seem to be pretty well agreed. There are Sephiroth, as there are names of God; indeed, in the sublime region where we are now soaring, names and the things expressed by the names are hardly to be distinguished. If the names of the Deity were without real significance—so reasons the Kabbalist—not only would he be unknown to us, but he could not exist even for himself; he could not comprehend himself without intelligence, or be wise without wisdom, or act without power. On the more important question, what after all are the Sephiroth, whether considered by themselves or in relation to the Deity, Kabbalistic doctors differ. Some, insisting on the immobility of the Deity, regard the Sephiroth as mere instruments of his power, and, though doubtless creatures of a superior nature, naturally distinct from the first being. Others, on the contrary, identify the ten Sephiroth with the divine substance, and hold that the En-Soph, that is, the Infinite himself, is neither more nor less than the totality of the Sephiroth, each of which is the same Infinite seen from a different point of view.

Between these two extreme views is a third, which M. Franck regards as more conformable than either of the others to the ancient system. According to this, the Sephiroth, although not mere instruments or creatures distinct from the Deity, are not to be identified with him altogether. He is indeed present in the Sephiroth, otherwise he could not be revealed by them, but still he is not wholly absorbed by them; he is something more than is discovered under the sublime forms of thought and existence. The Sephiroth, in short, cannot be comprehended by the En-Soph or Infinite, who, while he is the source of all their forms, is himself formless; and, while each of the Sephiroth has a name, he is himself nameless, being always the ineffable, incomprehensible being, placed above all the worlds that reveal his presence, even the world of emanation. The Sephiroth may be compared to a number of vessels different from each other in shape or colour; and as the nature of the sun's light is not changed by the medium through which it passes, neither is the divine light changed by the peculiarity of the vessel into which it is infused. Moreover, the vessels have no positive reality in themselves, but merely represent the limits within which the supreme essence is self-enclosed, the different degrees of obscurity with which the divine light is pleased to veil its infinite clearness in order to be contemplated. Thus each Sephirah may be regarded under two different aspects—one negative, when it is considered as the vessel itself; the other positive, when regard is had to the infused light or spirit. In their totality, then, the Sephiroth form the Adam Kadmon, or pristine man, of whom the terrestrial man is but a faint copy, and is in fact the Son of Man, who in the vision of Daniel (vii. 13) was presented to the Ancient of Days.

The Sephiroth may now be considered separately. The first is, as we have seen, the Crown—the diadem of diadems, which is without quality, but in which all qualities are concentrated as in an individual point. "When the unknown of the unknown," says the Zohar, "wished to manifest himself, he began by producing a point, and before the luminous point had issued from his bosom, there was no possible knowledge of his Infinity." The act of concentration gave birth to space, the "pristine air," which is not a mere void, but a degree of light inferior to creation. On account of his distinction from all that is finite and determined, God may be called the "En" or "Nothing"—an expression which calls to mind, not the non-creative Nirwana of Buddhism, but the "Abysmal Nothing" of the school of Jacob Böhme, and perhaps the "Nichts" of Hegel. Abstract Being thus considered is termed by the Kabbalists the "White Head," inasmuch as all colours are blended in it, or the "Ancient," or the first of the Sephiroth; but care must be taken not to confound it with the "Ancient of Ancients," who is the "En-Soph" himself. But its commonest name is the "Great Face," given because it implicitly contains all the moral and intellectual qualities that constitute the "Little Face."

From the abyss of the absolute unity proceed the second and third Sephiroth, Wisdom and Intelligence, of whom the first is considered male, and the second female, and these beget the Eldest Son of God, who is called "Dahath" or "Knowledge." The three mysterious persons comprise all that is, and are combined in their turn within the "White Head," thus forming a Trinity. A difficulty arises here which M. Franck has not touched upon—namely, that one of the persons of this Trinity, the "Dahath," does not appear in the list of the Sephiroth, and he cites from Moses Corduroy, an eminent Kabbalist, the following passage, according to which it seems at the first glance to be somewhat differently constituted:—

The first three Sephiroth, namely, the Crown, Wisdom, and Intelligence, are to be considered as one and the same thing. The first represents knowledge, the second that which knows, the third that which is known. To explain this identity we should bear in mind that the knowledge of the Creator is not like that of creatures, for with these knowledge is distinct from the subject of knowledge, and is directed to objects which, in their turn, are likewise distinguished from the subject. We express the distinction by the terms—thought, that which thinks, and that which is thought. The Creator, on the contrary, is at once in himself knowledge, that which knows, and that which is known. In fact, his manner of knowing does not consist in the application of his thought to things external to himself, but it is by knowing himself that he knows and perceives all that is. Nothing exists that is not united to him and that he does not find in his own substance. He is the type (*daphus*, apparently a coined word for "typus") of all being, and all things exist in him, under their purest and most perfect

* *La Kabbala, ou la Philosophie Religieuse des Hebreux*. Paris: Hachette. 1843.

form; thus the perfection of creatures lies in that existence, by which they are united to the source of their being, and the further they are removed from this, the more do they descend from their perfect and sublime condition. Thus all the existences in this world have their form in the Sephiroth, and the Sephiroth have their form in the source whence they emanate.

According to the system thus expounded, the Crown is the first person in the Trinity, from which the "Dahath" is excluded. May we suggest a removal of the apparent contradiction by the hypothesis that the Crown is the thinker, logically prior to the act of thought, who, becoming the active thinker (or subject) and the thought, recognises himself as the object of thought in the "Dahath," which thus is a defined repetition of himself? The process will be intelligible to all readers of Hegel.

The remaining seven attributes, analogous to the first three, contain two Trinities. From the divine thought, in its highest manifestation, proceed Mercy, the male principle, and Justice, the female, which find their centre of union in Beauty. Triumph and Glory, strangely represented as the universal force, productive of all things, form a third Trinity, by resulting in the Basis, or universal root. The last Sephirah, the Kingdom or Royalty, which seems external to the system of Trinities, is no new attribute, but denotes the harmony that prevails among the others, and their dominion over the world. Of the three Trinities, the first forms the intelligible world, the second the moral world, the third the natural world, considered as a *natura naturans*. To use a favourite modern combination, the Wisdom, Goodness, and Power of God are represented. There is a supreme Trinity of which three Trinities are the constituents.

A series of abortive creations, strangely supposed to be symbolized by the Kings of Edom, who according to Genesis (c. xxxvi. v. 31) preceded those of Israel, preceded the existence of the actual world, which so closely resembles the superior world, or "world of emanation" formed by the Sephiroth, that everything in the latter has its corresponding image in the former. Consistently with this view that nothing beyond the sphere of sense is without its sensible sign, physiognomy is held in high respect by the Kabbalists, and they reduce all the varieties of the human countenance to four types represented by the four figures mentioned in the first chapter of Ezekiel.

The angels and demons mentioned by the Kabbalists seem to be somewhat external to the system, and it is plainly laid down that the former are inferior to righteous men. When we read not only of an angel of Purity, of Mercy, of Justice, of Deliverance, but of an angel of Secrets named Raziel, whose special business it is to watch over the Kabbala, we are reminded of the petty Roman deities who are visited with such sharp derision by St. Augustine. Apparently from respect to the Sephiroth, the inferior angels, to the number of myriads, are divided into ten categories, and make themselves generally useful in the material world, one looking after the motions of the earth, another after those of the moon, a third attending to fire, a fourth to light, and so on. In the classification of the demons, which likewise corresponds to the number of the Sephiroth, there seems to be more significance, the first two classes representing the earth as it stood before the six days of creation, and the third the darkness that covered it. The number is completed by the "seven tabernacles of hell," representing what we now call deadly sins, and of these Samael (the Zamiel of *Der Frieschutz*) is the president. It is worthy of remark that, as the first three Sephiroth form a Trinity of pure thought or spirit, which is followed by moral attributes, so the first three infernal classes represent crass unformed matter, while the rest refer to moral depravity. Unquestionably the angels seem less in harmony with the system than the demons.

By their elevation of man as an individual living soul, the Kabbalists place themselves in marked contrast with the spirit of ordinary Judaism. The ten Sephiroth constituted in their aggregate a pristine man or an ideal man, the Adam Kadmon; and the terrestrial man, created on the sixth day, and comprehending within himself all other forms, is the image of God. The true essence of man is his soul, to which his body is a mere veil which he will cast off, but even this veil is in conformity with the secrets of divine wisdom. The soul is in itself a Trinity, the constituents of which are respectively derived from those of the Supreme Trinity above described. Highest stands the Spirit (*Neshamah*) which proceeds from the divine wisdom; then comes the Soul (*Ruach*) in a narrower sense, the seat of the moral qualities, issuing from Beauty, which in the system of the Sephiroth results from the combination of justice and mercy; and lastly is the grosser or animal spirit (*Nephesh*) which rules the functions of animal life, and which, never rising above the world, has its origin in the "kingdom," which resumes the attributes of force. A comparison with the psychology of Aristotle is here suggested, but a peculiar notion of the Kabbalists is an idea of each body anterior to the body itself. The descent from heaven of this individual principle (as some modern Kabbalists have called it) is necessary to the genesis of each individual man; it is the first to receive us on our arrival into this world, it develops itself with our development, and it is with us when we quit the earth. The pre-existence of the soul is an essential article of the Kabbalistic creed, but its descent to earth is not regarded as a fall or a banishment, as in other systems which comprise the same doctrine. On the contrary, the soul is bound to play its part in the material universe, and to contemplate the spectacle of the creation, that it may properly educate itself for a return into the divine thought without utter absorption.

The Androgynes, somewhat coarsely treated of by Aristophanes

in the *Symposium* of Plato, has its place in the Kabbalistic system, consistently with the theory that in every Trinity there is a male and a female principle. Before its descent to the world, every soul is composed of a male and female, but on the earth these are separated from each other. When the time for marriage arrives, the righteous man is rewarded by a union precisely similar to that which preceded his mundane state, but others are less fortunate. Very curious is the belief that the souls before their descent know all that will happen to them during their sojourn upon the earth. Their ultimate return to their divine source is certain, but they must acquire all the perfections of which they contain the germ, and if they cannot fulfil this condition in one life they must begin another, and, if necessary, others in succession, till the holy task is completed. Thus we have a semblance of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras and the Indians, which however does not seem to include an assumption of the brute form. The system would of course be incomplete if it did not comprise a mystical love for the Deity, as one of the results. Death, far from having terrors for the righteous, is the "kiss of God," uniting the soul with the substance, whence it derives its origin, and the great Simon-ben-Jochai expires with an erotic verse from Solomon's Song upon his lips.

Summing up the general principles of the Kabbala, M. Franck remarks that by its symbolical interpretation of Scripture (which we have but slightly touched upon) it has set reason in the place of authority, and produced a philosophy under the sanction of a positive religion; that for a Creator distinct from nature and existing from all eternity in a state of inaction, it has substituted the idea of a universal substance, always active and always an immanent cause of the universe, with whom creation is merely thought and self-development; that its world, instead of being purely material and distinct from God, is a manifestation of the divine substance following the invariable laws of thought—a theory which, we may add, strongly resembles that of Hegel; lastly, that of all forms it considers the human the most elevated, being the only one by which the Deity may be represented. We may further remark that the system has the difficulty, in common with all which have emanation for their basis, of so presenting a connexion between the antecedent and its consequent that the former is not absorbed and, to an extent, debased by the latter. Let our readers try whether they clearly apprehend the distinction of the En-Soph which stands above the Sephiroth and the Crown, which stands first at the head of the sacred list. To borrow the language of the Athanasian Creed, do we find one Incomprehensible or two Incomprehensibles, and, in the latter case, how far are the two different from each other?

THE LADY OF LATHAM.*

MOST people's knowledge of Charlotte de la Trémoille is probably derived from one of Scott's least successful novels, *Peveril of the Peak*. The "miracle of womankind" received very hard treatment at his hands. Not content with perverting her to the Church of Rome—of which, in point of fact, she had a devout and steady horror—he brought her before the public as a fierce and stilted Amazon, with a stage stride and a stage rant, "a mere queen of melodrama," as Madame Guizot de Witt indignantly observes. The clever book now before us possesses unusual interest from its containing large portions of the Countess's correspondence with her mother and sister-in-law, lately discovered by their descendant, the present Duke de la Trémoille. "These precious papers," we are told, "were found hidden in a barrel at the bottom of a cellar. They are very numerous, and yellow with age and damp. Many of them are in cypher, but the care of the Duchesse de la Trémoille—to whom most of them were addressed—has, all cases, added the key; so that they are quite intelligible. The dates would have been difficult to guess at, but that the same sisterly hand has marked them at the back of every letter." Thanks to this discovery, we are enabled to study the Lady of Latham as she really was—simple, unaffected, sprightly, and intensely genuine, from her first childish compositions in large writing on ruled paper, to her gossiping, but never ill-natured, epistles in later life, filled with the small talk of Charles II.'s Court. Whether it is the child of six years old, telling her mother with the happy self-satisfaction of youth, "Since you went away, I have become very good; thank God, you will find me quite learned," or, when a little older, recapitulating her "beautiful New Year's presents"—her earrings, her carcanet, her dress of silver tissue, and "three dozen of pearl and ruby buttons"; whether it is the girl, mixing up melancholy reflections on the state of politics and on life in general with accounts of Court ballets; or the bride, who has "every reason to thank God and you for having married me so happily; or the great lady, writing with equal fluency on the stormy passages between the King and the Parliament, the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, the heavy subsidies, and her baby's long frocks; still we always see the same vigorous mind, devoting all its powers to the question of the moment, whatever that may be. The whole tone of thought is well suited to the arch and animated face portrayed by Rubens, which our readers will doubtless remember in the National Portrait Exhibition three years ago. She

* *The Lady of Latham; being the Life and Original Letters of Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby.* By Madame Guizot de Witt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869

could hate, too, with a good downright hatred which would have rejoiced Dr. Johnson's heart. When her eldest son scandalized his family by making a love-match with a portionless German girl, the way in which the Countess harps for years on the iniquity of "the Delilah," as she terms her, is almost ludicrous:—"There never was so malignant a nature as that woman's, who has nothing good or pleasant about her." The young man himself is "worse than the Prodigal Son," and his wife is "a person without a single good quality." Even in her will the mother cannot forget; she cuts her eldest-born off, not exactly with a shilling, but with five pounds; and this when her husband's dying injunction to her had been to forgive the offending couple.

Lady Derby's letters show her to have been a woman of great natural talents, but how far her powers had been cultivated by education does not appear. We get a glimpse of the studies of good little girls in Huguenot families when at six years old she boasts to her mother, "I know seventeen Psalms, all the quatrains of Pibrac, all the huitsains of Zamariel, and above all, I can talk Latin"; but after this we hear no more. Madame Guizot de Witt speaks feelingly of the badness of her handwriting, which degenerates as soon as she leaves off ruled paper, and of her spelling—no proofs of disgraceful ignorance, however, in that age or the next. It must be admitted, however, that she surpasses even ordinary French inability to spell English proper nouns when, twenty years after her marriage, she can get no nearer to the name of her husband's favourite county, and the scene of her own exploits, than *Lengüicher*—as fine an example of purely phonetic orthography as any one need wish for.

It is a little disappointing to find that the one great event in the life of the Countess is conspicuous by its absence. If she ever gave her sister-in-law any account of the defence of Latham House, it has been lost; and so little did vain-glory or self-consciousness enter into her composition, that during the whole subsequent correspondence she never alludes to the deeds that have made her famous—a modesty which does her infinite credit, but which is nevertheless to be regretted. Other chroniclers must be referred to for that most picturesque episode of the Civil Wars which is given at full length in the book before us. The story opens with divers stately messages between the lady and Fairfax, who, having on one occasion forgotten or neglected etiquette so far as to invite the Countess to an interview, was at once checked by the crushing rebuke "that she conceived it more knightly that Sir Thomas Fairfax should wait upon her than she upon him." The Puritan General's reluctance to begin the siege, and his attempts to induce her to surrender, do indeed look as if his knightly feelings shrank from the ungrateful task of fighting with a lady, while the Countess, who had no such scruples to trouble her, went to work with right good will:—

With her children—her two daughters, Mary and Catherine—she watched over everything; arranged for the food of the soldiers—was present at the distribution of the powder—at the nursing of the wounded—was often on the ramparts, and always at chapel at prayer-time. When a bullet fell in her bed-room she smiled disdainfully, and it was only after the same thing had happened three or four times that she would condescend to change her apartment, though still with the "protest that she would keep the house while there was a single building to cover her head."

On one occasion a shell had burst in the dining-room during dinner, which broke the glass and furniture, but injured no one. The children were beside their mother at the time, but they did not move, and scarcely changed colour. The Countess merely gave them a look of approbation, and the meal was continued in the midst of the confusion.

While on the subject of the siege, we must notice one passage where Madame Guizot de Witt has, we think, misunderstood the language of her authority. She says that in a successful sortie—

The garrison . . . took a great number of prisoners, whom the Countess, proud of having scarcely any men left in the hands of the enemy, would have consented to release, in exchange for some of the King's friends detained at Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster. Colonel Rigby promised this, but failed to fulfil his engagement, "it suiting well their religion," says the narrator of the siege, "neither to observe faith with God nor with men." And then followed at Latham a melancholy massacre of prisoners whom the Countess could neither keep nor set free.

This sounds unpleasant enough in all conscience; but on referring to the contemporary narrator, Captain Halsall, from whom the authoress quotes, we find not a word of a "melancholy massacre." What he does say is, that in this particular sortie "we took only one prisoner, an officer, for intelligence," but that "in former sallies some prisoners had been taken, and were released by exchange"; that Colonels Ashton and Rigby broke their promise to set at liberty a corresponding number of Royalists, and that this breach of faith "occasioned a greater slaughter than either her Ladyship or the captains desired, because we were in no condition to keep many prisoners, and knew their commanders would never release them but upon base and dishonourable terms." In spite of the delicacy with which the good Captain approaches his subject, a careful perusal of the passage will at once show his meaning to be, not that any men already taken were massacred, but that no quarter was given for the future. There is a world of difference between fighting *à outrance*, and butchering an adversary after he has been made prisoner.

This same Colonel Rigby was a personal enemy of Lord Derby, and must, one would fancy, have been the original of that villainous Roundhead in whom historical novelists delight, he demeans himself so exactly in the approved and conventional manner. "You must remember he had been a lawyer, and a bad one," is the scornful remark of Captain Halsall, who evidently cannot forgive him for harassing the besieged with grenades. The Puritan commandant's insolence serves to set off the Royalist lady's dignity

to greater advantage; his pride has a most dramatic fall when his mortar is captured by the garrison on the very day on which he had invited his friends in the neighbourhood to come and see Latham House fired; and when the avenging angel overtakes him in the shape of Prince Rupert, and his banners are hung up as trophies in the chapel of Latham, we feel as if we had been at the representation of a grand scenic melodrama.

Rupert, just then in the full tide of his success, was struck with admiration at the gallant resistance of the Countess, whom, however, he advised to withdraw to the Isle of Man; and thus Lady Derby's military career ended. Her correspondence, resumed soon after this period, becomes again the main point of interest in the book. The accounts she gives of the state of religion, from 1647 to 1650, are worth quoting, as showing the general break-up of old ideas of reverence, and as exemplifying her own notion, not altogether extinct at the present day, that all evil things, even the printing of the Koran and the belief in the Spirit of the Universe, both of which she records with horror, must necessarily in the long run turn to the advantage of the Pope. As time wears on, the Countess rises into almost Cassandra-like incoherency of reasoning:—

They [the Parliament] would find it hard to tell you their creed, where there are as many religions as families. The test is publicly maintained; books printed which deny the Holy Ghost, and the persons known to have produced them not punished; the Commandments of God and the confession of faith not regarded; the Lord's prayer neglected, and not thought necessary to be said; the sacraments administered according to the fancy of the person administering; the ministry neglected—every one who thinks he is able to preach, even women, may do so without any examination; baptism is thought nothing of, and not administered to children; and worse things, which make all who have any religion left shudder to see it so abused. . . . If I had the honour of talking to you for a couple of hours you would soon be convinced of the truth, and would deplore the sufferings of the Protestant religion, and the profit that the Catholics derive from them.

Again and again the Countess returns to these subjects, apologizing to her correspondent for so doing by saying, "When I am on this topic it is not easy for me to quit it." Sects are increasing daily, the blasphemies she hears are almost beyond belief, the most monstrous vice and the most execrable heresy are endured; she is assured that "if this goes on, in a few years the Catholic religion will be openly professed in England; it is now very freely tolerated, and the votaries of this religion live peaceably and enjoy their property." Then a genuine bit of ancient superstition crops up, oddly enough, in the midst of antinomianism, atheism, toleration of Romanism, and "advanced views" generally. While in one half of the kingdom men were allowed to demonstrate with impunity that there was no God, in the other half they were liable to be sent to the stake for having dealings with the Devil:—

One of our people, who returned from Scotland a short time ago, had seen many sorcerers burned, who all declared that they were always present with Cromwell when he fought; and others in England, near Newcastle, say the same thing, our doctor being present at the time; and there is a sorcerer now in prison in Edinburgh, who affirms that he was present when Cromwell renounced his baptismal vow.

But even in the midst of her alarms, when the affairs of her family were in the utmost disorder, and the Countess herself had been ill with anxiety and trouble, she finds time to enter, with all the interest of a good-natured aunt, into the important question whether her niece, Madlle. de la Trémoille, who was about to be presented at Court, was entitled to the "tabouret." Indeed, Lady Derby's versatility is not the least noteworthy thing about her. No one would recognise the heroine of Latham after the Restoration, when she throws herself with the keenest delight into the life of the Court. Far from standing haughtily aloof, a representative of ancient virtue in the midst of new-fangled frivolity, as Sir Walter Scott would have us believe, she is quite enthusiastic about the King. "It must be owned that he is the most charming prince in the world!" and she prophesies that he will make a very good husband. She retails scandal, cautiously veiled in cipher, about Anne Hyde; she works with might and main—why is not explained—to get the great Mademoiselle put forward as a suitable bride for Charles; she looks about for an eligible English nobleman as a match for her own niece; and sends a commission to France for "the most beautiful doll to be had, that will undress," as a present to the Chancellor's little granddaughter. Under the guidance of the Countess, we see the Restoration in rose-colour; "the days never to be recalled without a blush" appear as uncommonly pleasant and harmless days.

Madame Guizot de Witt corrects some prevailing errors relating to Lady Derby, particularly as to her treatment by the hostile party in power. It is satisfactory, for the honour of the Commonwealth, to know, on the evidence of her own letters, that the often-repeated statements that the Countess was kept a prisoner in an unhealthy dwelling in the Isle of Man, that she there lost two of her children, and that she was not released from captivity till the Restoration, are perfectly false; and that, though poor and overwhelmed with debt, she was a free woman, living first at London and then at Knowsley, "sending her son to Paris with suitable attendants, and marrying her daughters in a rank worthy of their birth." The execution of the noted William Christian appears to have been entirely the doing of that son, Charles eighth Earl of Derby, whom she never forgave for his marriage; and at no time did she assume that semi-regal title which figures so prominently in Scott's novel. It is her daughter-in-law, "the Delilah," who queens it in Man. "As for that sword which has been restored to my son, I cannot tell what it means," writes the Countess contemptuously in 1661, "for Monsieur his father never

had any carried before him in the Isle of Man. It is a piece of his wife's vanity to have it put in the *Gazette*."

One word as to the literary merits of the book. Great pains have evidently been expended upon it; and, although relating the exploits and sufferings of a Royalist heroine, Madame Guizot de Witt takes an unprejudiced view of the time, and invariably endeavours to be fair to both sides, as befits one who bears the name of the calm and philosophical historian of the English Revolution. If the language sometimes seems to lack alike English vigour and French piquancy, if the story, exciting as its elements are, sometimes flags, it must be remembered that the book labours under the disadvantage of being in fact a translation, though as yet only published in English. Some inaccuracies there are, caused, we are willing to believe, not by carelessness, but by simple misapprehension of the language, often elliptical and involved, of the authorities. At the same time it is strange that Madame de Witt, who has consulted the *State Trials*, and must therefore have seen the names there given in full of the twenty officers who sat on the court-martial by which Lord Derby was condemned, has nevertheless diminished the members to "twelve sequestrators for the county of Chester." An ambiguous expression of the historian of the House of Stanley, who talks of "twelve sequestrators and committee-men," has probably misled the authoress. In her next paragraph she speaks of "the Act of Parliament passed on the 12th of August, and addressed in the county to Major-General Mitton, prohibiting all correspondence with Charles Stuart or his party." In the Somers Tracts we read that the Earl was brought to trial before a court-martial holden "by virtue of a commission from his excellency the Lord Gen. Cromwell, grounded upon an act of parliament of the 12th of August last, entitled 'An Act prohibiting Correspondency with Charles Stuart or his Party, directed to Major Gen. Mitton'" [*sic*]. A printer's error in misplacing the inverted commas, copied without correction into Howell's *State Trials*, has evidently led Madame de Witt astray. We hope it is the translators who are responsible for the confused grammar at page 174, from which it would appear that the Earl's enemies, Colonels Birch and Rigby, were among the judges; for the context seems to show that the authoress was aware that such was not the case.

These, however, are small matters; and the Countess herself redeems everything. A more charming piece of contemporary history than the letters of Charlotte de la Trémoille could hardly be found, and Madame Guizot de Witt deserves the thanks of all students of the Civil Wars for giving them to the world.

THIERRY'S HISTORY OF GAUL UNDER THE ROMANS.*

(Second Notice.)

M. THIERRY, as we have said, begins his present history with the putting down of what he looks on as the last movement on behalf of national Gaulish independence and of the national Gaulish religion—the revolts of Maricus, Tutor, Classicus, and Civilis, in the last of whom at least we must venture to claim a nearer interest than can belong to M. Thierry. It was a movement in which we hear of Gaulish Druids on the one hand and of the prophetic virgins of Germany on the other. We seem almost to be reading the history of our own times, when Classicus assumes the ensign of a Roman Cæsar, and makes men swear allegiance to the Empire of the Gauls. Such a mixture of ideas shows the influence which Rome had already exercised on the Gaulish mind, when Gaulish independence could not be asserted without this deliberate aping of the conquerors. A movement which took such a shape carried its own overthrow with it; the real Empire was sure to triumph over the imitation. The insurrections contemporary with the civil wars of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, were crushed, and Gaul sank, under the Flavian Cæsars and their successors, into a province, though a great and flourishing province, of the Roman Empire. The land was more and more Romanized, and it had its full share in the prosperity of the reigns which are commonly known as those of the Good Emperors. And as soon as the Empire was again torn by civil wars, the strength and wealth and geographical position of the country gained for Gaul the unhappy distinction of being one of their chief seats. In the wars which occupy the time between the death of Commodus and the final establishment of the dominion of Severus Gaul plays a most important part. The history of Gaul becomes well-nigh continuous with the history of the Empire, and the historian of Gaul feels the greatness of his position. M. Thierry's narrative rises and swells in proportion to the occasion, and he gives us vivid pictures of the three candidates for Empire, Severus, Niger, and Albinus. The last of these three made Gaul the seat of his dominion, and the battle which raised Severus to undisputed power, the great fight of Lyons, was fought on Gaulish soil. But we at once see the wide difference between this struggle and the earlier one. In the struggle of the first century we can easily see that the moral as well as the political yoke of Rome had been so effectually pressed down upon the neck of the Gauls that any struggle for Gaulish independence could not fail to be hopeless. Still it was a struggle for Gaulish independence, both in

name and in fact. But the struggle which was decided at Lyons was anything but a struggle for Gaulish independence. Clodius Albinus reigned in Gaul, but no one could be further removed from the character of a national Gaulish sovereign. Albinus was a candidate for the Roman Empire, the favoured candidate of the Roman Senate, a competitor whom Severus found it convenient to acknowledge as a colleague, till his victory over his eastern competitor Niger enabled him to turn and crush him. But the position of Albinus in Gaul was purely incidental; he was by birth an African, and his command lay not in Gaul but in Britain. Gaul was simply occupied by him as in itself a most valuable part of the Empire and as a help to the possession of the whole. The like was the case with the succeeding Tyrants or Emperors who made Gaul the centre of their dominion. The real wonder is that, when Gaul had so often become the seat of a practically independent government, the idea of complete separation, of a really national sovereignty, seems never to have suggested itself. That such was the case is one of the most striking signs of the deep influence which Rome had won, if not over the hearts, at least over the minds of her subjects. We must also remember that though men still gloried in the Roman name, yet for some centuries before the Teutonic conquest no subjection to the local Rome was implied in the position of a subject of the Empire. All Roman subjects were equally Roman citizens; Cæsar was as much at home at Trier as at Rome, and for a large part of the time dealt with by M. Thierry, Trier saw the face of Cæsar much oftener than Rome did. Gaul in fact held such a position during the latter days of the first Western Empire that there was no temptation to fall away from an Empire which was practically as much Gaulish as it was Roman. In fact, none of those parts of the Empire which had been either really Hellenized or really Romanized ever did willingly fall away.

M. Thierry's subject naturally leads him to some examination of the condition and ethnology of those Teutonic invaders of Gaul and the other provinces the struggle against whom forms the chief part of the external history of the Western part of the Empire. This is the part of M. Thierry's work in which we are least able to follow him. It is no blame to him that his notions forty years ago were not in fulness or clearness equal to the critical standard of modern scholarship. It is a hard task to recast a sketch of this sort by the help of wholly new lights, but M. Thierry does not seem to have made the attempt. In what he says on this head, we see no sign of any influence of modern philology. In fact we do not understand what his system is. He seems sometimes to use the word German in the wide sense in which it is used by Cæsar and Tacitus, while at other times he divides the Germans of Cæsar and Tacitus into two classes, Germans and Suevians; a division whose nomenclature is somewhat perplexing, while for our own parts we cannot see the grounds on which the division is made. M. Thierry is much more at home with anything locally Gaulish, with any of the events of the general history which happened on Gaulish soil. He finds a subject which exactly suits him in the period which followed the death of that self-styled Antoninus who is better known by his nick-name of Caracalla. The elevation of the two Syrian Emperors, Elagabalus and Alexander Severus, gives him an opportunity for pointing out, perhaps not without some exaggeration, the rivalry between East and West which certainly did exist, though its external expression more commonly shows itself between Eastern and Western armies than between Eastern and Western populations. And in the reign of Alexander he lights on a stray piece of local information which crops out strangely in the midst of the general history into which his narrative has unavoidably grown, but which may lead the way to any amount of examination and conjecture with regard to the internal constitution of Gaul at this time. The inscription known as the Marbles of Thorigny sets before us an assembly of three divisions of Gaul, Belgic, Lyonesse or Celtic, and Aquitanian, in which it was proposed to bring charges before the Emperor against Claudius Paulinus, Proprætor of Lyonesse Gaul, but in which the proposal was negatived by the veto of T. Sennius Solemnis, deputy of the Viducasses, who declared that his constituents had given him no instructions to support any charge against Paulinus, but rather to approve of his acts. On this M. Thierry remarks:—

Ces paroles arrêtaient la délibération: d'où l'on peut inférer: 1^o que le contrôle des assemblées générales des provinces s'étendait à la gestion des plus hauts magistrats, et qu'elles avaient le droit de les accuser; 2^o que les mandats donnés par les cités à leurs représentants étaient impératifs; 3^o et qu'enfin le veto d'un membre avait le pouvoir de suspendre une délibération.

Here we seem to have, what it is hardly possible to find elsewhere in what is called the ancient world, a real representative constitution, unless indeed any one chooses to refuse the name of representative to an assembly whose members seem to have acted so purely as delegates. Here is a matter on which we should like to hear something more, and M. Thierry promises to tell us something more, but it does not come within the two volumes now before us.

It has often been noticed, and noticed naturally with different motives, that Christianity was, as a rule, more persecuted by the good Emperors than by the bad ones. Marcus Aurelius, under whom the horrible persecution of Lyons took place, is the case which most naturally occurs to the mind, and there is something specially revolting in the tale of cruelties ordered or sanctioned by the mild philosopher, the strict censor of his own conscience. But more remarkable historically is the zeal

* *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination romaine*. Par M. Amédée Thierry. Nouvelle édition. Tomes premier et deuxième. Paris: Didier et C^{ie}. 1866.

against Christianity displayed by so many of that remarkable succession of Illyrian peasants and soldiers who rose to empire during the revolutions of the third century, and who commonly showed themselves worthy of the empire to which they rose. A prince like Decius, for instance, in whom we recognise nearly every princely virtue, appears among the fiercest persecutors of the Church, while the Christians had found a respite, if not actual favour, at the hands of the weak and wicked Commodus. The explanation is easy. The great princes of the third century were eminently reformers, and not only reformers, but men striving to bring back a past state of things, to place the fabric of the Roman State once more upon its old foundations. Such a scheme involved, whether as a matter of zeal or as a matter of policy, the retention or restitution of the old Roman religion as one of the chief foundations of the Roman State. The power and glory of Rome was bound up with the worship of Mars and Quirinus and Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and no Christian prelate ever felt it more thoroughly his duty to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines than did the Imperial High Pontiff who was charged with maintaining the honour of the Gods of Rome. It was therefore the most virtuous, the most patriotic of the Emperors, those who were most bent on reform and on the restoration of the good old time, to whom Christianity naturally appeared as something hateful, as something that sapped the foundations of the Empire. And here M. Thierry well points out that this feeling, which in a Roman Censor like Valerian may have been mere matter of policy, was in Illyrian peasants like Aurelianus and Decius a matter of heart-felt faith. The religion of Rome, as well as the other virtues of Rome, had fled from Rome itself and had taken shelter with the hardy provincials of the frontiers. In the last and greatest of the Illyrian series we indeed find another state of things; in Diocletian we find policy in its most consummate form, a policy which, as we said in a former article, made him for a while distinctly favourable to the Christians. Driven, as it would seem at first, into persecution by the persuasions of his colleagues, he persecuted with a good will as soon as the flames of his palace led him truly or untruly to believe that the Christians were the enemies of his person and government. The persecution of Diocletian and Maximian, important from any point of view, assumes a sort of factitious importance in the hands of M. Thierry, who not only, as we have said, accepts the tale of the Theban Legion, but also gives an amount of faith which surprises us to those late ecclesiastical legends which give a Christian character to the insurrection of the Bagaudæ. It is of course possible, and indeed likely, that some Christians driven to desperation may have joined the ranks of the revolvers, just as it is hard to distinguish the exact proportion of religious and political motives in some of the popular movements in England in the time of Richard the Second and Henry the Fifth. But surely the insurrection was in itself essentially a Jacquerie, forestalling, as events in Gaulish and French history do forestall one another, the more famous Jacquerie of the fourteenth century. Any Christian or other religious character which it received must have been purely incidental. But this insurrection is well worth notice. As a mere forestalling of an event so far distant, it is highly remarkable, as showing how a state of society essentially the same produced the same results at two such distant periods; and it is remarkable also as another witness to the deep impress which Rome had made on the minds of her provinces. The leaders of these revolted peasants assumed the titles of Cæsar and Augustus as naturally as if they had been the generals of a Roman army, not without some hope of really reigning on the Palatine.

Through the greater part of M. Thierry's second volume, from the accession of Constantine to the division of the Empire between the sons of Theodosius, ecclesiastical matters divide the interest of the narrative with the defence of the frontier against the Teutonic invaders. This period is one of the turning-points in the history of the world. The Empire seems to become Christian as if on purpose to hand on Christianity to her Northern conquerors, and the time is one full of striking events and of characters of the highest possible interest. Constantine himself—strange and often revolting problem as his character is—Julian, Valentinian, the great Theodosius and his father, are names which would stand out from among their fellows in any age; and an interest of another kind attaches itself to the tragedy of the son of Valentinian, the pious and well-intended, however feeble, Gratian. Then, besides the Emperors, we have the saints, Athanasius and Ambrose, and those who come more closely home to M. Thierry's subject, the great names of Hilary and Martin. Through all these scenes M. Thierry carries us with an interest which seldom flags, and we shall rejoice to see the result of his labours of revision and recasting when carried on to the period which is to follow, the period of the Teutonic conquest of Gaul. We might ourselves perhaps look on matters in a somewhat different light; still we have not a word to say against the passage with which M. Thierry winds up his present work:—

Les récits qui vont suivre nous montreront l'empire romain occidental se concentrant de plus en plus dans la province des Gaules. La noble et intelligente race qui l'habite est la dernière à soutenir le nom romain en Occident. C'est à elle que, dans le déluge de la Barbarie, la Providence confie le dépôt de la civilisation qui s'éteint, avec le devoir de la rendre plus tard au monde.

STUBBES'S ANATOMIE OF ABUSES.*

MR. JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, the veteran commentator, who was reporting Parliamentary speeches before Mr. Perceval was shot, and editing old plays before Mr. Gladstone was born, has amused a month or two of his eighty-first summer by watching through the press fifty copies of the little book whose lengthy title is given below. It forms number eleven of *Miscellaneous Tracts, temp. Eliz. and Jac. I.* We have not seen the previous numbers, but if they approach the present one in value, the series, which Mr. Collier calls *The Yellow*, from the colour of its wrappers, must be of genuine interest and importance. He has also issued other reprints similarly distinguished among themselves by their colours, and has made them so completely the business of his life that, in the letters which he from time to time addresses to one of our contemporaries regarding them, he talks of finishing "my red series," or continuing "my green series," in a fashion which irresistibly reminds one of certain annual migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

Our readers are well aware that we have long ago abandoned the girls of the Victorian age to their own peculiar proclivities; and, finding too little in the damsels of our own period to look upon with satisfaction, had sought consolation in allowing our minds to dwell on the virtues and graces of the young ladies of the Elizabethan era, picturing them to ourselves arrayed in garments of dignified simplicity, reading Plato in the deep recesses of oriel windows, and winning the hearts of princes by the gospel light dawning in their eyes. Mr. Carlyle, in an amusing passage of one of his works, has taught us to measure the distance between the two epochs by saying that "they had Shakspeare and we have Sheridan Knowles; they had Sir Walter Raleigh and we have Beau Brummell"; and we had taught ourselves to believe that the same sort of formula would be found equally applicable to the other sex. But the pen of Philip Stubbes has dispelled the illusion at once and for ever. Whenever an apprentice robs his master's till, the *Daily Telegraph* informs us that it is the mission of history to repeat itself, and it is so with the fashions of women. We turned from the *Anatomie of Abuses* to a paper which appeared in these columns some eighteen months ago, and exclaimed with Shakspeare, "These hands are not more like." The mere name of the author ought to have prepared us for something of this sort. Not the Stubbes part of it, for that, although hardly to be commended for its euphony, is simple and unpretending; but the Christian name, the Philip. Why were there so many Philips in those days?—Philip, Earl of Arundel, to whom this book is dedicated; Philip, Earl of Pembroke, to whom the Shakspeare folio is inscribed; Philip Sidney and Philip Massinger, who could write books for themselves. Why but because Philip was the name of the amiable foreigner who for a time promised to be the "father of our kings to be," and was the favourite godpapa with the rank-worshipping mammas of the period. And if the word Philip had been called out at a bear-baiting in the sixteenth century, there would have been as many responses to it as there are nowadays when H'albert is shouted for at a Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace.

The portion of Stubbes's book which brought us to this way of thinking is entitled *A particulare description of the Abuses of Women's Apparell in Ailgna*, which according to the quaint marginalia are divided into "Coloring of faces with oyntments and waters; Trimming of their heds; Laying out of their haire; Gold wreaths circumsynging their temples; Gewgawes hanged about their frontiers; Curling and crisping and laying out of heyre; Bought heyre and coloured used to be worn; Hattes of velvets, taffaty worn in common; Making holes in their eares to hang rings and jewels by; Supportasses the pillars of pride; Women wearing dublets and jerkins; Vaine gestures and coyneys of women in the midst of their peacock fethers; Fingers clogged with rings; The diversitie of gownes; Looking-glasses the devills spectacles," &c. &c. &c.

The description of the adornment of their heads must be given in the author's own words:—

Then followeth the trimming and tricking of their heds in laying out their hair to the shewe, which of force must be curled, frised and crisped, laid out (a world to see!) on wreathes and borders from one eare to another. And lest it should fall down it is underproped with forks, wyers, and I cannot tell what, rather like grime sterne monsters than chaste christian matrones. Then, on the edges of their bolstered hair (for it standeth crested round about their frontiers, and hanging over their faces like pendices with glasse windowes on every side) there is layd great wreathes of gold and silver, curiously wrought and cunninglie applied to the temples of their heads. And for feare of lacking anything to set forth their pride withal, at their hayre, thus wreathed and crested, are hanged bugles (I dare not say babies), ouches, rings, gold, silver, glasses, and such other gewgawes and trinkets besides, which for that they be innumerable, and I unskillful in womens termes, I cannot easily recount.

In his next paragraph he again takes up the subject, and enlarges upon it with a hearty energy:—

But they are not simply content with their owne haire, but buy other heyre, dying it of what color they list themselves: and this they wear in the same order as you have heard, as though it were their owne naturall heir. . . . Then, on toppes of these stately turrets (I meane their

* *The Anatomie of Abuses: containing a Discovorie, or briefe Summarie of such Notable Vices and Imperfections as now reigne in many Christian Countreys of the Worlde, but especially in a verie famous Ilande, called Ailgna; Together with most fearefull Examples of Gods Judgements executed upon the Wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late, as in other places elsewhere. Verie godly to be read of all true Christians euerie where, but most needefull to be regarded in Englande. Made Dialogue-wise by Philip Stubbes. Printed at London, 1 Maij, 1583.*

goodly heads wherein is more vanitie than true philosophie now and than) stand their other capitall ornaments, as French hood, hat, cap, kercher and such like; whereof some be of velvet, some of taffatie, some (but few) of woll, some of this fashion, some of that, and some of this color, some of that, according to the variable fantasies of their serpentine minds. And to such excesse it is grown as every artificers wyfe (almost) will not stick to goe in her hat of velvet every day, every marchant's wyfe and meane gentlewoman in her French hood, and every poor cottager's daughter in her taffatie hat, or els of woll, at least well lined with silk, velvet or taffatie. But how they come by this (so they have it) they care not; who payeth for it they regard not; nor yet what hurt booth to themselves and others it dooth bring, they fear not, but runne daily a *malo ad pejus*.

He then proceeds to the "great ruffles, neckerchers, and partlets used of women," which he says are "smeared with the devils liquore, I meane starch." Under these are "three or foure degrees of minor ruffles, placed gradatim, step by step, one beneath another, and all under the maister devil ruffe." Stubbes appears most offended, however, with those who affect masculine attire, and wear "doublets and jerkins buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is for all the world." The gowns of others attract his attention, being of "divers fashions, changing with the moon, for some be of the new fashion, some of the older, some of this fashion, and some of that, some with sleeves hanging down to their skirts, trayling on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tayles." Then come their *capotes*, "pleated and ryvelled down the back wonderfully with more knacks than I can declare"; their *petticoats* "fringed about the skirts with silk fringe of changable colour"; and their *kirtles* of velvet bordered with lace and fringe. Well may he say, "When they have all these goodly robes upon them women seem to be the smallest part of themselves, not naturall women, but artificiall women; not women of flesh and blod, but rather puppits or mawmets of rags and clowtes compact together."

Boots and stockings form such an important item in the female artillery of the present day that we were particularly curious to see what was said of the *chaussure* of the Elizabethan damsels. We are not sure that even the fair directress of the Strand Theatre might not find some hints in the following extract, which we commend to her notice when that burlesque of *Kenilworth* is revived in which Varney brings down the house by informing Amy Robsart that her "trap" is at the door:—

Their netherstockes, in like maner, are either of silke gearsey, worsted, crewell, or at least as fyne yarn thread or cloth as is possible to be had, cunningly knit, and curiously indented in every point: wherto they have kerked shoes, pinsnets, pantoffles, and slippers, some of black velvet, some of white, some of greene, and some of yellowe; some of Spanish leather, and some of English lether, stitched with silk, and imbrodered with gold and silver all over the foote, with other giewgawes innumerable.

Scents, of course, come in for their share of notice, and "cyvet, muske, sweete powders, and fragrant pomanders" are particularly specified. We should have thought, however, that natural flowers would have escaped from censure, but quite the contrary is the case:—

And in the summer-time whilst flowers be greene and fragrant, ye shall not have any gentlewoman almost, no nor yet any droye [drudge] or puelle in the cuntry, but they will carye in their hande nosegayes and posies of flowes to smell at; and which is more, two or three nose-gayes sticked in their breasts before, for what cause I cannot tel, except it be to allure their paramours to snatch at them, whereby I doubt not but they get many a slabbering kisse, and, peradventure, more frendship beside.

To which is appended, marginally, the brief but (we suppose) significant commentary "Beware the Spanish pip." What follows we may call the author's general remarks:—

After all this, when they have attired themselves in the midst of their pride, it is a world to consider their cymesse in gestures, their minsednes in wordes and speeches, their gyngerynes in tripping on toes like young goates, their demure nicitie and tabishnes, and withall their hawtie stomackes and more than Cyclopical countenances. Their fingers are decked with gold, silver, and precious stones, their wrists with bracelets and armlets of gold, and other precious jewels; their hands are covered with their sweet washed gloves, imbrodered with gold, silver, and what not; and to such abomination is it grown, as they must have their looking glasses caryed with them whersoever they go. And good reason, for els how cold they see the devil in them?

If we were to dismiss this work of Phillip Stubbes without saying that he can write in a higher strain than can be gathered from these extracts, or without recording that his sentiments are often as wise and humane as his observations are shrewd and his descriptions graphic, we should be doing him great injustice.

So highly was the *Ana'omie of Abuses* appreciated by the public of its own day, that it went through no less than five editions between 1583 and 1595. Each of these differs so materially from the others that, if space permitted, it might be worth while to point out the old subjects which were dropped, and the new matters which were animadverted upon in each successive re-writing. These changes, we suspect, were caused more by the progress of the author's opinions, and of the opinions of the Puritans generally, than by the vicissitudes of fashion, or the introduction of new customs and amusements. One point is particularly worthy of remark. In the preface to the first edition Stubbes speaks with something more than indulgence of "honest and chast playes, tragedies, and enterluds," admitting them, under certain circumstances, to be adapted for the "good example of life, for the avoyding of that which is evill, and learning of that which is good." He even goes so far as to describe them as "tolerable exercyses" which may be used for the "godly recreation of the mind." But this passage totally disappears from all subsequent versions of the

work, and its omission must be imputed to the former cause mentioned, and not in any way to the latter; for the second edition appeared in August, 1583, when Shakspeare and Marlowe were in their teens, before Jonson had gone to Westminster or Fletcher learned his A B C in his father's Sussex rectory; when Beaumont and Massinger were as yet unborn. The day was indeed close at hand when the stage was to be raised to an importance to which it had never before attained, but this had certainly not arrived in the brief interval between the first and second editions of the *Ana'omie of Abuses*. If we knew more of Stubbes's personal history, this and other difficulties might be cleared up. That he was married we should at once infer from the general scope of his principal work; and that his wife differed materially from his typical female we should also have guessed, even if he had not devoted a separate publication to the celebration of her godly life and Christian death, "together with a most wonderfull combate betwixt Satane and hersoull; worthie to be imprinted in the tables of every Christian heart." Elizabeth Stubbes died at Burton-upon-Trent, on December 14, 1590, and her husband must have been with her at the time, for his title-page says that the above relation is "set downe worde for worde as she spoke it, as neere as could be gathered by P. S. Gent." It seems probable that the husband and wife had proceeded as far as Staffordshire in the prosecution of the journey which he has described in his latest work, of which we know no more than that it was entered at Stationers' Hall in October, 1593, as *A motive to good woorkes, or rather to true christianitie*. Mr. Collier believes the copy which he possesses of this work to be the only one in existence, and only vaguely hints that he may some day give it to the world. A book of *bona fide* travels, written in the same spirit as the *Ana'omie of Abuses*, would indeed be a treasure; but we suspect from its title, and from the narrowing process which had evidently been going on in the author's mind, as also from the fact of its never having been reprinted, that it will turn out to bear a close resemblance to that somewhat unattractive description of publication which has in the present day usurped the exclusive possession of the name of Tract. Whatever its nature may be, the author vanished from the scene very shortly after its production, and Mr. Collier says, "We may presume from various circumstances that he was carried off by the Plague, which raged in 1592, and did not abate until the winter of the succeeding year." Of his family nothing is mentioned. It would be curious if this fierce denouncer of stage plays was the father of that Philip Stubbe who, in the next generation, was a Fellow of Trinity, and in 1632 published the *Comedia of Fraus Honesta*; and it would be still more curious if this zealous and devoted Puritan should turn out to be the progenitor of a Philip Stubbs, Vintner, in his turn the father of yet another Philip Stubbs, who in Queen Anne's time was Archdeacon of St. Albans, and whose effigy, cunningly scraped in mezzotinto, figures along with those of Dr. Sacheverel and another as the *Three Pillars of ye Church*. But it would be something far more than curious to ascertain whether he were not (as in all probability he was) a near kinsman of his contemporary, John Stubbs of Lincoln's Inn, that excellent specimen of the English Puritan as we should call him, "the most stubborn of the most stubborn sect" as Lord Macaulay describes him, or the "furious, hot-headed Professor of Religion" of the Elizabethan annalist. In 1581 this namesake and kindred spirit of Philip's issued a book called *The Gulph wherein England will be swallowed by the French Marriage*, which gave such mortal offence to Rex Noster, the Queen, that she sent an eminent lawyer to the Tower, and compelled a judge of the Common Pleas to resign his post, because their declared opinions stood in the way of the conviction of the author and publisher. When the sentence, passed by Lord Chief Justice Wray, came to be carried out, a scene took place which will live for ever in the pages of the novelist and the historian, but which would never have been noted but for the happy accident of one of the ushers of Westminster School chancing to pass the neighbouring market-place (now King Street), where the scaffold was set up where their right hands were chopped off with a common cleaver. "I remember (being there present)," says William Camden, the usher aforesaid, "that Stubbs, after his right hand was cut off, put off his hat with his left, and said with a loud voice *God save the Queen*; the multitude standing about was deeply silent." All must remember the imimitable gusto with which "that quaint old cruel coxcomb," Sir Mungo Malagrowth, dwells upon the details of this scene when administering consolation to Lord Glenvarloch. It has been sketched by two illustrious painters, but we venture to think that both Scott and Macaulay have diminished the effect of their pictures by omitting the deep silence of the multitude, and by making the victim "wave his hat," instead of simply uncover his head out of respect, an action so much more in keeping with the mainly gravity of the Puritan character.

We have wandered somewhat from our subject, but we cannot help dwelling with pleasure on any points which serve to connect us even in speculation with the author of such a book as the *Ana'omie of Abuses*. Mr. Collier has been an editor on so extensive a scale that he has long ago got over the weakness of falling blindly in love with his authors; and in the present instance he can hardly be said to go too far when he asserts that "there is no work in our language, or perhaps in any language, that gives so minute and so amusing a view of the manners of all classes at the period when it was published."

RUSSIAN SCHOOL-MISTRESSES.*

AN interesting pamphlet has lately been published by an author who adopts the pseudonym of "Schédo-Ferroti," on the subject of "Popular Instruction in Russia." Its chief aim is to show that, in spite of all that has been done—on paper—to provide for the education of the Russian people, but very small results have been attained, so far as the enlightenment of the lower classes is concerned. This failure, says the writer, is to a great extent to be accounted for by the difficulty that is universally experienced in finding efficient schoolmasters. In the year 1865 Russia nominally possessed, it seems, as many as 21,420 parochial schools, and since that time many others have been added to the number. But the existence of many of these establishments is merely nominal. In one district, containing 130,000 inhabitants, for instance, at the end of last year there were scarcely four schools in real working order. The funds required for the establishment of 47 new schools had been voted, but out of that number 21 had never even been opened, simply because the requisite teachers were not forthcoming. In another district, two villages, containing respectively 2,723 and 1,476 inhabitants, possessed only one school apiece, and the number of pupils attending the two schools put together was only eight.

This is not very encouraging, but the writer proceeds to state facts which are still less so. Even if it be granted, he says, that much has been done within the last few years to bring education home to the lower classes in Russia, and that advantage has to some extent been taken by the Russian peasant of the means and appliances placed within his reach, still it must be confessed that the people have not benefited to any appreciable extent by the change. If the official reports are to be believed, thousands of Russian men of all ages have lately learnt to read and write; but, in spite of all that, says M. Schédo-Ferroti, the Russian common people have become "more brutal, more drunken, less industrious, and less scrupulous with regard to family duties and civic obligations, than they were before they took to being instructed." And for this he accounts by the fact that, although the men may have learnt to read and write, they have not been educated in the proper sense of the word, not having been placed under masters competent to deal with the subject; and as to the women, they have not even learnt as much as the men. He suggests, therefore, that in the first place better instructors should be found for the existing schools; and, in the second place, that an organized effort should be made to induce the peasants to send their girls to school as well as their boys. For at present that is not the case. The number of boys who are learning to read and write is deplorably small, but it is large compared with that of the girls who are receiving even the slightest amount of instruction.

The position of the Russian woman has long been a very painful one. One of the finest of the poems of Nekrassof, the chief living Russian poet, commences with a description of the sorrows of the great masses of his countrywomen. "Ages have passed," he says, "and everything else in the world has been often changed and improved. But God has forgotten to alter the dreary lot of the peasant woman. And so the old type of the strong and beautiful Slavonian woman has deteriorated. Poor victims of fate! you have suffered unheard. You have never made known to the world the voice of your complaining. You have passed silently through a terrible struggle, and now we see in you the very embodiment of lifelong fear and suffering." Undoubtedly the Russian peasant women too often have a look of the kind which the poet describes, an expression such as one might expect to find on the faces of persons who have been subjected to much hardship, and who have lived in the perpetual expectation of punishment—a worn and anxious look, and an air as though of premature old age. Much of this is doubtless due to the severity of the climate, with its cutting wintry blasts and its scorching summer suns; but though the weather may tan the skin and account for its unpleasantly wizened appearance, it would be unfair to charge it with all the restless suspicion of the eye, all the melancholy curve of the mouth. Much of that must be considered the result of neglect and unkindness. Even where the husband has not been brutal, he has almost to a certainty been contemptuous. For not only has the peasant been in the habit of treating his wife as a slave, but he has always looked down upon her in all good faith as a very inferior animal. This masculine contempt has been in part accounted for by the custom prevalent among the peasants, in the days of serfdom, of going away from their villages to the towns, in order to procure the *obrok*, or sum of money annually due to their lords. The man went forth into the world, and experience enlarged his mind, or at least expanded his circle of ideas; but the woman remained at home, confined within a very narrow range of thought, knowing nothing of what was going on at a distance from her own little village, never seeing new faces, never hearing an unfamiliar voice. Now that the peasant is a freeman, he has no longer any *obrok* to pay; but the habit of roaming about the country has been confirmed, and he is likely to keep it up. When the husband returns from his travels he naturally comes to the conclusion that his wife is even more foolish than he had always supposed her to be, and he is more than ever convinced of the truth of those opinions which have given rise to a great number

of popular proverbs, such as "A woman's hair is long, but her mind is short." "Don't go talking with women; every one knows that women are fools." "A hen isn't a bird, nor is a woman a human being." "A dog is wiser than a woman; it doesn't go barking at its master."

It is true that while the Russian woman is young and good-looking she may manage to exercise some influence over her lord and master, and even to keep him away for a time from the *Kabak*, the pot-house in which he laps himself in what are to him the pleasures of Elysium. But as soon as she loses the fast-fleeting charm of personal attractiveness, all power passes away from her for ever, and she becomes a mere slave, little better than a beast of burden, obliged to obey the behests of one who is too often a brutal master. If she were intellectually, as she is morally, her husband's equal, if not his superior, there might be some chance for her. But, unfortunately, even if the village has provided the means of education, there is little chance of her having been able to avail herself of them. The man may have gone to school; it is almost certain that the woman has not. In olden days, it is true, the peasants were on the same dead level of ignorance, whether they were styled "souls" or not—that is to say, whether they were male or female chattels. But during the reign of Nicholas a number of popular schools were set on foot in the villages, and ten years ago, according to Gerebitsof, the number of pupils frequenting them was in the proportion of 923 to every hundred thousand inhabitants. It is true that in Germany the number of pupils would have been 8,888, but still the figures showed that progress had been made. Since that time the schools have become much more numerous, and the number of boys attending them has grown larger every year. But as far as the peasant women are concerned, very little progress has been made, for the official tables show that the number of girls frequenting the primary schools is about one-eighth of the number of the boys who attend them. From this fact it seems fair enough to draw the conclusion that "the gulf which now divides the man of the people from his wife will become still wider in ensuing generations," if nothing be done to close it.

The reason which the peasants allege for refusing to send their girls to school is twofold. In the first place, they say that they distrust the schoolmasters; in the second, they declare that they cannot see of what use reading and writing will be to their daughters. So far as the teachers are concerned there is some excuse for such a refusal. Most of the schoolmasters are exceedingly incompetent persons, and it is very difficult to replace them with advantage. Their salaries are so small that no one becomes a schoolmaster who can get any other post. The worst-paid servant of the State, the least valuable clerk in a commercial establishment, receives more than even a favoured village pedagogue, so that the class which is to educate Young Russia has to be recruited from the ranks of "plucked" students and "stickit" ministers, or from those of retired non-commissioned officers or private soldiers, or the sons of persons employed in the lowest classes of the Civil Service. As the supply of even such teachers as already exist is by no means equal to the demand, it is difficult to see how the number of schools the establishment of which M. Schédo-Ferroti thinks necessary can ever be provided with masters, for, assuming that there are 8,000,000 of Russian children of a school-going age, he considers that the country stands in need of at least 160,000 primary schools. How to produce an equal number of good and trustworthy schoolmasters is a problem of no small difficulty.

To overcome the objection of the parents to sending their girls to school may prove an easier task. At the present moment they say, "Education may be an excellent thing for boys, but our girls will never have letters to write or accounts to keep; why should we have them taught reading, writing, and arithmetic?" All arguments as to the ulterior benefits of education would be thrown away on utterly uneducated persons. The only thing to be done is to prove that education has its immediate advantages by making it embrace such subjects as the art of needlework and the science of cookery. For this end it will evidently be necessary to have female teachers, and their employment M. Schédo-Ferroti very strongly urges upon the Minister of Public Instruction. If the schools were under the charge of properly trained women, the peasants, he thinks, would no longer refuse to let their girls attend them, and in a few years Russia would see its women placed upon a level with its men, so far at least as primary instruction is concerned.

Nor would there be any difficulty, he says, in obtaining the 160,000 governesses required. They could easily be supplied, if the demand for their services once made itself felt, by the two classes alone of the clergy and the *Chinoivniks*. The Orthodox Church employs about 37,000 priests, 13,000 deacons, and 63,000 sacristans, besides other ecclesiastical subalterns. All of these being married people, the Church has a total of about 113,000 families, for the most part very numerous, to offer for educational purposes. To these may be added a large proportion of the families of the 200,000 persons employed in the public service. Altogether the number of households is enormous on which it would be fair to count as likely to supply recruits to the ranks of the teaching class. To them belong, at the present moment, many thousands of Russian women who are condemned to lead a precarious and sometimes a miserable existence. Some of them live by very ill-paid manual labour; others are a grade higher in the social scale, but still can scarcely make enough to live by. It is only the most fortunate of their number who can contrive to find a good posi-

* *Lettres sur l'Instruction populaire en Russie, adressées à Monsieur le Comte D. Tolstoi, Ministre de l'Instruction publique.* Par D. K. Schédo-Ferroti. Leipzig and Berlin. 1869.

tion in the superior walks of domestic service, while too many of them are reduced to eat the bitter bread of charity. To all of them such an independent position as that of "Primary Instructress" would be the greatest of boons, and the benefit which would accrue from it to themselves might be rendered back by them to the country at large.

What M. Schédo-Ferroti proposes is that a "Lay Order of Sister Instructresses" shall be founded, into which every one who wishes to become a national schoolmistress shall be received, for the purpose of being properly trained; that the great ladies of every district shall take an interest in the welfare of the local branch of the Order, and shall exercise some supervision over its members; and that its proceedings shall be regulated by the Government authorities. With a little State patronage the Order would, he thinks, flourish vigorously, and in a short time Russia would possess a noble army of schoolmistresses, thoroughly well trained, and tolerably well appointed. Then a combined attack might be made, under the most favourable auspices, upon those drawbacks to the progress of the country—the ignorance of the common people, and their habits of gross debauchery. Before long the Russian woman would raise herself from the degraded position she has so long occupied, and in doing so she would raise with her the Russian man also, and in the course of time the country would be able to boast of a peasantry which emancipation has set free from the degradation of slavery, and which primary education—thanks to the 160,000 schoolmistresses of the future—will have delivered from the mental shackles of ignorance and bigotry. The picture seems a little overcharged with rosy colour, but every one must admit that it is fair to look upon. Let us hope that the 160,000 governesses may soon be transferred from the limbo of imagination into the stable world of realized fact.

ONLY A WOMAN'S LOVE.*

IT may be "pleasant" to Lord Desart, and to other young noblemen, "to see one's name in print." There are various ways in which such a taste may be gratified. The Police Courts furnish one channel through which this pleasure may be obtained. The Insolvent Courts supply another, which has latterly been full somewhat to overflowing. Lord Desart, it would appear, prefers to drink at another stream. Perhaps, in these declining years of the century, the couplet which he has chosen as a motto for his volumes may appear to be a trifle stale. "A book with nothing in it" may scarcely seem likely to find either readers or reviewers. Perhaps, too, Lord Desart presumed on the inability of ordinary readers to go on the quotation from *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—

Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave.

Or, still more probably, his own reading may not have extended so far. There are, however, books by untitled, and it may be also by titled, authors to which it is impossible to accord the honours of a decent burial "in an equal grave" with the harmless mediocrities of volumes with "nothing" in them. The trunk-maker (if he still exists anywhere, which is doubtful) and the buttermilk are our fellow-creatures, and have some right to be protected in their dealings with the literary world. And we are bound to say, after having been unfortunate enough to make acquaintance with Lord Desart's two volumes, that their author has no right to shelter himself behind Lord Byron's careless dictum concerning a "book with nothing in it." There is a great deal of matter in his five hundred pages of print, and very unpleasant matter much of it. We know nothing at all about Lord Desart personally, except that the handbooks to the Peerage state him to be an Irish earl of three-and-twenty, and that he has himself thought proper to communicate to his readers a few very superfluous autobiographical details. We never heard of his existence before, and, unless he mend his literary ways, we must add that we hope we may never hear of him again. We are now only concerned with him as the writer of a book which, though at once offensive and to the last degree stupid, may nevertheless find respectable readers on the strength of the name on its title-page. There is, after all, throughout a very large class of well-to-do and even of educated society, a "sounding charm" in "a title," even though, to quote from Lord Desart's own pages, they have "to come down so low as an Irish peer" to find it. To do them justice, however, the very worthy people of whom we write are, in respect of the Peerage, much in the position of the undergraduate who declined "to make invidious distinctions" between the Major and Minor Prophets. Subtle differences between peers of the United Kingdom and stars of smaller magnitude are all unknown to them, and the more inquiring minds among them were lately thrown into hopeless bewilderment when they failed in division after division to find among the ducal supporters of the Irish Church Bill the name of the Duke of Argyll. Around our coasts and all over England there are, as we write, crowds of scatterbrained young ladies, and of other ladies who are neither young nor scatterbrained, upon whom the name or neighbourhood of an earl produces an effect corresponding to the sense of dropping-down-deadness which Sydney Smith asserted to be the inevitable effect of the presence of a bishop in a gathering of curates. If they chance to live

within ten miles of such a being in the country, they set him up on a kind of private pedestal, and offer him a grotesque devotion. They invariably speak of him as "the Earl," and they call his wife "the Countess." They linger at gates and in country lanes for a chance of seeing these exalted mortals drive past; they cherish with infinite care the "cuttings" which have been begged second-hand from "the Earl's" under-gardener; and they rejoice amazingly if their own local doctor has had the luck to be called in to "the little Viscount" in his teething troubles, and can thus communicate direct intelligence from the noble nursery. It does not matter in the least that "the Earl" has never done any single thing to deserve personal respect, that he is strongly suspected of being next door to a fool, or, as may sometimes happen, that he has been known all through a long life to have been in much nearer proximity to a scoundrel; they have a way of their own of translating *noblesse oblige*, and they stick to their rendering of the maxim. Nine-tenths of these good, well-meaning people—the remaining tenth traditionally eschewing novels as such—will be sure to order from the local book-society, or to carry home from the sea-side circulating library, the two nicely got-up volumes before us, because of the Earl's name on the back of the cover. If *Only a Woman's Love* were mere trash there would be no harm in all this, and any girl, who liked might be left to read it all through, if she could. If its social and moral tone were merely on a level with the style of its composition, which might perhaps pass muster in the letters of a breach of promise case at some country assizes; or with its spelling, of which "assinine" and "vaccinating" may be taken as specimens; or with its attempts at witticism, which are helplessly inane; or with the ludicrous self-glorification of the writer, which is not an altogether unknown foible even among peers who are supposed to have brains; then we should certainly not have burdened our columns or taxed our readers' patience with any notice of what this Irish nobleman is pleased to call a novel. But the prominent characteristic of the book is its coarse and vicious nature. If good for any class of readers, we should say that it might perhaps prove useful to young persons who are aspiring after promotion into the ranks of the *demi-monde*, by removing any shy and awkward fear they may happen to entertain that their breeding and conversation, and their manners in general, might disqualify them for mingling on equal terms in the society of peers and their companions.

We have no intention of inviting our readers to accompany us along the confused and repulsive track of Lord Desart's narrative. It would be too much to say that Lord Desart has given the world a story "which would have shocked a society of coal-heavers or a kitchen of thieves, though it was a story of the best society"—we quote a description which represents, from Lord Desart's point of view, the ordinary conversation of gentlemen in the smoking-room of a great country-house; but we should nevertheless find it difficult to attempt any presentable epitome of the action, or to make any readable extracts for quotation. Merely to ring the changes on the various methods by which seduction may be attempted or accomplished in the case of unmarried or married women is not, according to the usual maxims of novel-writing, equivalent to the construction of a plot; and although the author evidently thinks it rather creditable to himself that he affects to belong to a social class in which "we" (we presume that in this case the "young man does not mind his pronouns") "are always in the position of the half-drunk pigeon," whose head was "clear once," "before we left school," but who has never been sober since, he must recollect that outside the favoured circle which he adorns, neither the incidents of a tipsy row in a night-house, nor the excitement of chasing and assaulting a frightened milliner's apprentice in the streets, form matter of generally attractive interest. Lord Desart has not, we are glad to say, laid himself open to the charge of blasphemy. When a sailor has beguiled the tedium of a long voyage by teaching his parrot to swear, we do not recoil from the bird as from a hardened blasphemer. We are sorry for the company the poor fowl has kept, and for the use it has made of its imitative powers. But the parrot understands no more of the mysterious region to which its words belong than does Lord Desart himself. He cannot even approach the confines of sacred subjects without betraying his inconceivable muddle-headedness. Imagine any human being, sane and sober, who had—we will not say ever opened the Bible, but who had—ever entered a picture-gallery, or even passed the window of a print-shop, capable of putting on paper the words, "She looked the very picture of a little penitent Madonna." We have said that we do not charge Lord Desart with blasphemy; his incoherent raving when he stumbles against matters of religious thought moves rather compassion than censure. One solitary instance will be sufficient. He has just brought a leading character in the story to his death by consumption; and this is the way in which—again we are indebted to Lord Desart for a singularly appropriate phrase in which he describes his own and his friends' utterances—he "jabbers out his mind":—

He was not a good man; he had never been, even outwardly, a religious man; but if my ideas as to eternity are right, there could be no mansion among the many prepared for us in Heaven that was too high to receive the soul of Alick Sumpter.

"If" Lord Desart's "ideas of eternity are right"—and we must do the extreme Calvinistic section of the theological world the justice to explain that they are in no way accountable for Lord Desart's opinions, who evidently is as ignorant of their religious belief as he is of everything else which has ever occupied the

* *Only a Woman's Love*. A Novel. By the Earl of Desart. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

thoughts of reasonable creatures—then “the greater the sinner the greater the saint” must be accepted as an “idea of eternity.” For this Alick Sumpter is first introduced by Lord Desart to his readers as

a big, hairy-faced man, rather coarse, but still quite the thing that ladies admire; for, strange to say, they never see vulgarity or coarseness in a man as soon or as easily as his own sex; in fact, I often wonder why more ladies don't run away with grooms. Perhaps the grooms don't care about it.

It is but fair to Lord Desart and his hero that we should quote the foregoing passage in its entirety, in order to show that there is a depth of “vulgarity and coarseness” into which Alick Sumpter had not descended, although Lord Desart himself may have sounded it. But at a later period of the story we learn more of what Lord Desart's idea of a perfect life may be. Alick Sumpter

from his earliest days of manhood had been a sort of celebrity in the London world; his name had repeatedly been coupled with this or that woman of rank and beauty . . . there had been stories of an unseemly fracas in his regiment, in which his name was mixed up with the wife of a brother officer; then a duel—

and so on, till “he disappeared for a time,” and turned up again, as the author has taken care to inform us, where an orphan girl in Devonshire has somehow or other fallen, as he supposes, into his power, soliloquizing after this fashion:—

By Jove, she is a beauty! I'm in luck. I've laid the train well, and the devil's in it if it don't fire when the match is applied.

So, if Lord Desart's “ideas of eternity are right,” the “highest of the heavenly mansions are prepared” for a “coarse and vulgar” sensualist, who after exhausting the usual course of profligacy, and failing in his attempts to make a mistress of an innocent and friendless girl, takes it into his head to fall seriously in love with her, tries to frighten her into marrying him, and, finding that method to be of no use, subsides into a whining kind of tenderness, leaves her all his money, and finally dies with a melodramatic blessing on his lips upon her approaching union with the “infernal blackguard” whom he had—very properly—denounced at an earlier stage of the story.

We have already given more space than it deserves to the notice of this offensive book. We will conclude by a reference to one single passage in which we find ourselves in some kind of sympathy with the author. “I mean,” he writes, “in a new chapter to make another jump over time. How nice it would be to be able to do the same in reality, or to jump back!” No doubt it would. If Lord Desart could only “jump back” over some seven or ten years of life, he would find himself in no worse position than that of an ill-conditioned schoolboy, who has yet to learn that manliness does not consist in foul-mouthed conversation. He would have the advantage, moreover, if he has not misled his readers by his scattered details of autobiography, of being again under Eton discipline; and while, under the present conditions of his existence, we cannot suppose that a remonstrance from our own or any other pen is likely to be of the slightest use, we are much mistaken if, on the “jumping-back” hypothesis, the production of the sort of stuff with which he has thought proper to fill the two volumes of *Only a Woman's Love*, or of anything like it, would not have brought its author within the range of a practical kind of criticism of which even he would have felt the force when administered by Dr. Hornby.

GASCON POEMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE leading poems in this collection are simple of design, as may be imagined from such titles as “The Pleading of the Four Seasons” and “The Pleading of the Four Elements” (before the Shepherd of La Lomagne), but they contain quite enough of graceful and piquant writing to remunerate any amateur linguist for some study of a dialect more peculiar in sound than in etymologies. One might be further encouraged to make this acquisition by D'Astros's introductory verses, in which he tells us that Gascon is one of the finest languages in the world, and has “no adulteration or patching in it, no outlandish or spurious words, but is seen to be as pure as it came out of Babel, as the Castilian, the French, and the Italian did. Nor is it in any point more deficient than Latin or Greek, inasmuch that with its beautiful diction, a Virgil, Demosthenes, or Homer might suit himself,” if it were not for the negligence of those to whom it belongs, and the sorry opinion they have of their mother tongue:—

But we Gascons [he goes on to say] are more ungrateful than the brute beasts, who all, whether they be fierce or gentle, stick by the accents that God gave them when he first set them upon the earth, so that you need not expect the wolf to mew, nor the cat to grunt, but you hear the wolf bark, &c. . . . Every bird loves its own warbling, and every people its own language. Paris does not speak Flemish, nor Brussels French! nor Rome the Arabic tongue, nor Mecca the Romanesque. . . . So ought you too, the Gascon, to be contented with your own language in the country, at the market, and at table, in interpreting the Holy Word, and in instructing your children in the ways of virtue.

This is real *gasconading* at the very outset.

In the next prologue the Four Seasons present themselves like the goddesses that came before Paris, only in more appropriate attire, to a shepherd near the Arrats, the river watering St. Clair de la Lomagne (or “Sent Cla de Loumaigno”), in which town J. G. D'Astros was himself a pastor of men in 1642 (the date of his first publications), and a few subsequent years—i. e., during the

minority of Louis XIV. Of the commencement of his career we, unluckily, have no information. Each Season addresses the shepherd in order, and claims to be sovereign of the four. Among other things Spring says, “I clear the heaven and the air; I furbish the sun and moon, which, as bright then as silver, bear fair weather to all people”:—

Lou céou é l'ayre jou 'sclarichi,
Soureil é luo jou frubichi,
Que puch luzens coumo l'argent,
Porton lou bét tens à la gent.

She of course dilates very prettily on her birds and flowers, and on the general love-making which she introduces among youths and other animals. But Summer laughs her to scorn for producing nothing to sustain a creature, and says that her birds sing from mere hunger, and are quickly stilled by a mouthful of food. As for their melodies, he prefers his own *cicada*. He insists upon his crops, his fruits, and his rural jollities. Autumn is greatest on the subject of his wines, so as to remind us, by his fervour, of Scaliger's noted description of the Gascons, “quibus nihil aliud est *bibere quam vivere*” (as his dialect reminds us of the same words by the phonetic changes it has undergone). But the plea of Winter is the most ingenious; for the “servant is not greater than his master,” and it is the business of the other seasons, as he takes it, to work and lay by, that he may have leisure and abundance. The shepherd is sorely puzzled by the conflicting pretensions of his clients, and ends by pronouncing that they are all in the right (*Toutos en dret*). Each of the principal sections of this work is elegantly dedicated to a friend of the poet's; one of them to a divine, from whom much was needed on account of the Huguenots.

The “Contest of the Four Elements” is a poem very similar to the former, though on a scale considerably larger. It may sometimes displease modern readers from the number of Scriptural allusions in it; not that they exactly indicate levity, inasmuch as the Bible was a real basis of the science of the age, but that they prove the author's mind to have been blunted by habit to the impression naturally produced on our imagination by certain doctrines, so that he does not feel them to be too serious to introduce where we look only for amusing topics. Thus Fire tells us he has the advantage of seniority over the other elements, because he was created before our world for the punishment of fallen angels, and, in due time, of human beings. Water, on the other hand, boasts of the power conferred on him in the sacrament of baptism; Earth of having received the body of our Saviour. In the “Four Seasons” we have only noticed one instance of this tendency of our theological poet, where Autumn claims to be the eldest, because Adam and Eve must have been well supplied with fruit, and only too well, when they were first placed in Paradise. In all remaining points the controversy of the Elements is a spirited and ingenious one. It is curious to see that the existence of a sphere of Fire is treated as a somewhat questionable theory; it is even discussed whether Fire is an element. The shepherd pronounces judgment in the same fashion as on the previous occasion; namely, that each element is paramount in its own dominion.

The next work of D'Astros is a series of very pretty “Noëls,” or chants for Christmas, among which we are surprised to find one which freely recommends drinking at that season. It tells us that “the Child who came this night is He who fills our casks, who created the grape, and guards it from frost,” and that “it is His will we should not add water to our wine, but leave it to the frogs; this moral being enforced by the miracle of Cana.” It was the same Divine Child who took pity on Noah's age and forlorn situation, and instructed him in planting the vine and making use of it. Next to God, all our happiness is in the juice of the grape, and we should drink it pure in His honour, “as the author of these lines does.”

We do not know whether these views can have been accepted as entirely orthodox; but the poet probably atoned for them by the gravity of his “little Catechism in Gascon rhyme,” in which he gives us an epitome of the doctrines and precepts of the Church, and treats those of the Huguenots with unqualified severity. The sections on ordinances attach some curious significations to the gestures used in making the sign of the cross, and mention a custom, probably local, of giving a residue of wine (of course unconsecrated) to the lay communicants, not as having for them any sacramental virtue, but only to assist them in swallowing. Otherwise, this work has no literary interest, though it was probably useful in its way, and written with appropriate simplicity. It concludes the first volume of the Gascon poems of the seventeenth century; and the next begins with the posthumous works of D'Astros. Among these are numerous occasional and complimentary pieces, in which he has taken no great pains to put forth his strength, or to diversify similar subjects by his mode of treatment. Those addressed to the Duke of Espernoun and La Valette are, moreover, somewhat sycophantic; the poet's ink is diluted with “court holy-water.” But his wit is generally revived by the subject of wine, especially in a piece where he lectures the physicians on the folly of prohibiting what he finds the best remedy for all diseases. His epigrams are often neat, but we select, chiefly because it is in French, the following of a physician who died of a catarrh in seven hours:—

La Parque le voulut surprendre,
Et je trouve qu'elle eut raison;
Car sans l'avoir par trahison,
Il eût pu d'elle se défendre.
Hélas, qui se croira plus fin
Contre la mort ou'un médecin?

* *Poésies gasconnes*. Recueillies et publiées par F. T. 17^{me} siècle. Deux volumes. Paris: Librairie Tross. 1867-1869.

La Moudonin is a coarse but characteristic little farce, in which a Gascon peasant sells a cask of wine after his wife has clandestinely drained it. He receives an earnest of the price, and sends her to pay an old debt with it; then his customer returns, and prepares to broach the wine in a sociable manner with him. When he can neither get out any wine nor recover the earnest-money, he falls foul of the dealer, and snatches a cap from his head. When the wife returns, she insists that it was not she, but a donkey, that drank the wine; she gets her statement confirmed by a fairy, that is by an *echo*, punishes both men by flying at their throats for doubting her veracity and sobriety, and, when her husband has duly repented, triumphantly recovers the cap on which a distress was levied.

Among the satiric poems of D'Arquier and the anonymous writers coupled with him, the most amusing relate to Leytour (the chief town of D'Astros's diocese), and a droll incident which took place there on the night of Good Friday, 1689, when an alarm was given that the Huguenots were at hand, and all the citizens rushed out and found no one before the walls but a few poor peasants collecting snails. On this subject M. d'Arquier wrote a little diabolic comedy, in which a conspiracy between Lucifer and the ghost of Calvin, a nightly muster of heretics, their defeat by the angels who protect Leytour, and their sudden transformation into snails, are "rehearsed more obscenely and courageously" than we can venture to particularize. In other poems the ridicule falls more directly on the people of Leytour, or they are severely handled as the most Gasconish of all the Gascons. A curate of this diocese gives us another set of *Noëls*, including a very naïve dialogue where the angels speak French of Paris, and the shepherds reply in Gascon. On the other hand, the Gascon chants published in 1669 are mostly very simple and impressive. Among them we see the only Gascon poem which adheres to the old Provençal usage of continuing one rhyme through a long stanza; and this is done with very fine effect in a litany beginning with the lines (of which the second is repeatable):—

Diù, qu'etz per nous plen de bountat.
Ayatz de nous piatat.
Diù, qu'auoués per nous tout creat,
Diù, qu'auoués l'ome rachetat,
Hil de Diù per nous incarnat,
Jésus, per nous persecutat.
Jésus, per nousaus flagellat.

And so on for thirty-two lines, which enter into every detail of the Passion.

The present publication might doubtless have been rendered acceptable to more readers by the addition of a glossary, such as accompanies the works of Gaudelin and others of the earlier Gascon poets in the edition of Amsterdam, 1700, which presents, however, a very different orthography from D'Astros's.

A PERFECT TREASURE.*

INNUMERABLE varieties of books are classed under the general head of novels, and the admirers of each variety are too apt to regard those who love another with the intolerance generally characteristic of controversies about matters of taste. One person is allowed in the botanical world to have a taste for tulips, and another to put his faith in roses; and, so far as we know, the difference does not give rise to any bitter animosities. But in literary discussions we generally find that the person who admires the heavy historical novel looks down with positive contempt upon the lover of a complicated story and amazing incidents. We should be glad to see a more tolerant spirit, for there is room enough for every taste in the boundless fields of fiction. Some people may derive a very innocent amusement from the rattling absurdities and audacious anachronisms of Dumas; others may rejoice in the quiet pictures of country life which testify to the singular skill of Miss Austen, or may enjoy the more masculine and deeper insight of Thackeray; and some, for we would extend our toleration as widely as possible, might perhaps do worse than admire the pedantic and ponderous writings in which the external form of a novel is made the vehicle of conveying historical information and theories of philosophy. The contempt which the rival sects of novel-writers are apt to pour upon each other strikes us as misplaced and tending to hamper art with undue limitations. So much we say by way of preface to a notice of the very amusing little story before us. If any pharisaical lover of high art should open it on the strength of our commendation he might think himself aggrieved. It will not enable him to understand more distinctly than before the conditions of life in the middle ages, or the conditions upon which the British Empire depends for its security; it will not illustrate any theorems of political economy, nor even open new views of the dark side of human nature. If, therefore, he is a person who demands to have his intellectual powers put to the strain, and likes to read a novel as a devotee reads his Bible, with bent knees and upturned eyes, we can only warn him against ever opening the book. But if he should belong to the larger class of novel-readers who only look for amusement, if he should be undertaking a long railway journey or digesting his dinner in a deserted club at this dismal season of the year, he may be very thankful to take up *A Perfect Treasure*. It is short; it is well put together; the style is that of a practised

writer; and the story, as we will endeavour to show, is really very meritorious in its way.

Novels which, like *A Perfect Treasure*, depend for their interest upon the skilful management of a plot, generally fall into the error of being too complicated. Such novels, for example, as the *Woman in White* demand almost as much patience in the reader as in the writer; like a game of chess, they are very interesting if you can undergo the labour necessary for an appreciation of their ingenuity. Now it is the great merit of *A Perfect Treasure* that the plot is perfectly simple; the key by which the secret is finally unlocked does its work neatly and decisively; and yet it is very hard to guess at the mystery before the last chapter. Other persons may have better fortune; but we confess that our conjectures were all wide of the mark until the word of the puzzle came upon us by surprise. It would be obviously unfair to the writer to let the reader into the secret of the catastrophe; and we are therefore debarred from making some criticisms which would otherwise be desirable. As it is, we will content ourselves with giving an outline of the situation on which our readers may practise their ingenuity. If, as we expect, they fail in finding the desired solution, they had better turn to the book itself, and see whether the fuller indications there given will enable them to exercise their ingenuity to better purpose. The narrator, then, of the story is supposed to be a young gentleman of literary tastes, one Marmaduke Drake, living with his uncle on a remote part of the English sea-coast. The uncle is a fine, simple old gentleman, of the Uncle Toby variety. In his youth he has served in India, at the court of a native princess, the Begum of Bundelbad. The Begum, who was very hideous and very cruel, although enormously rich, had fallen in love with her handsome commander of irregular troops, and insisted upon marrying him, much against his will. She loaded him, however, with all kinds of costly presents; and when he made his escape with a single black servant he carried off enough jewels to buy a small country-house, in which he settled down, and took his orphan nephew under his protection. Meanwhile, his habits of extravagance and unlimited charity were making rapid inroads upon his capital, and threatening to reduce him and his nephew to poverty. Young Drake, however, regarded his uncle with extreme reverence for his universal philanthropy, and fully anticipated making a fortune by his literary talents. He had already written sundry youthful novels, sufficient to fill many quarto volumes, and fondly believed that, when once their existence was announced, the British publishers would plunge at them like sharks in the Southern seas at a luckless bather. But one cloud darkened his prospects, and that was connected with the ex-Colonel's faithful black servant. This gentleman was a lazy, lying, and impudent scoundrel. He treated his master and his master's nephew with studied disrespect. Nay, he would sit smoking cheroots in his master's room, and calmly contemplate that excellent person's labours at a turning-lathe without offering to stir a hand. He abused the other servants, and got drunk every week of his life off anything that came to hand. Yet, when young Drake, irritated by some of his iniquities, went so far as to call him a fat lout, and order him out of the room, a singular scene took place. The ex-colonel at first took his nephew's part, and abused the native; but, the native looking him calmly in the face, and patting his stomach significantly, the colonel at once became grave and conciliatory. He remonstrated with his nephew on his rudeness, and insisted on his treating Sangaree Tannajee with every kindness. Nay, he emphatically declared that one day or other the said Sangaree would turn out to be a "perfect treasure." Once upon a time when Sangaree, in consequence of a quarrel, left the house, the colonel was thrown into unprecedented anxiety; he rushed after his dependant, and, finding him some miles off in a state of stupefaction from the opium of which he had swallowed an overdose, he dragged him back across the moors in a snow-storm, and by energetic personal efforts succeeded in saving his life, at the cost of catching a dangerous illness himself. In short, the tie between the colonel and the native was mysterious in the highest degree; any criminality on the colonel's side was incredible, and yet the native behaved to him as though he possessed private information which would bring the colonel to the gallows. The few people concerned puzzled their heads in vain; but at last, when the colonel was dying, and had made his nephew promise never to part from Sangaree alive or dead, he added that the whole secret would be found in a paper carefully folded and sealed, and to be opened after his death. No sooner was the breath out of the good old gentleman's body, than the nephew, from a becoming piety and a natural curiosity, rushed to open the paper. Alas! it was gone, and had evidently been stolen by Sangaree, who had himself disappeared with it. Pursuit was instantly made, but Sangaree had taken ship for Calcutta. The ship was luckily lost with all on board off the coast, and the nephew, remembering that Sangaree was to be recovered "alive or dead," examined the ship with a diving-bell. He found the body, and he found the paper; the secret was revealed, but alas! only to give a fresh disappointment for the moment. We cannot go further without revealing the secret ourselves; and, indeed, we have already given involuntary hints from which an ingenious person might put together a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. We must therefore decline to go any further, merely remarking that the revelation, when it comes, fully clears up our perplexities and leaves nothing to be desired. We can only add that the revelation enables the hero to marry, and live very happily

* *A Perfect Treasure*. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869

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The interest of the story we have described naturally centres upon the mystery of the native servant; but there is one other character in the novel which deserves a passing notice. This is the literary old lady who gives advice to Mr. Drake, and whose habits and character are described with so much force as to make us suspect her of being a portrait. However that may be, she is a very charming old lady, and, if a work of pure imagination, may claim to be almost an original character in fiction. Whatever her character in an historical point of view, we are glad to have made her acquaintance, and her presence makes the background of the story much more lively and amusing than is generally the case with the mere padding of a plot. On the whole, we feel great confidence in recommending *A Perfect Treasure* as a very amusing and well-constructed story, which the slowest reader may digest in a couple of hours. Two or three others are added, as we presume, to increase the bulk of the book, and to very little other purpose, for they are amongst the slightest of those trifles which occasionally swell the bulk of weekly periodicals devoted to fiction. However, a story put together with any approach to neatness of execution is such a rarity in English fiction, that the main story of *A Perfect Treasure* should be quite sufficient to satisfy a reasonable man's appetite without the additional side-dishes by which it is garnished.

THE AMERICAN COLONIES.*

THIS little book is announced as the Arnold Prize Essay for the year 1869, and is another illustration of the real service which such prizes may do to the study of history. It will of course be rare for such a book to have any really substantial value, or to attain the high level marked by Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*. Still the investigation of some limited historical subject is an excellent introduction for a young man of ability to independent literary labour. Most examinations in history bring very little to the surface, except the results of an ingenious system of cram; but the effort of writing an essay from original sources is likely to bring out such powers as a man possesses, and to encourage him in similar pursuits for the future. The history of the British Colonies before the Declaration of Independence is, moreover, a very fair topic for such an essay. No English historian has as yet taken it up, and Mr. Bancroft, who has written the ordinary text-book, leaves much to be desired in regard to accuracy and impartiality. A student has, therefore, a comparatively untrodden field of inquiry before him, and one which is not too vast for ordinary energies. Mr. Doyle has been industrious and careful, and we have no doubt that he is thoroughly entitled to the honour of the prize; perhaps it is not against him that he has refrained from those brilliant generalizations which are so tempting and so easy to a young writer, and that he has clung to facts in preference to theories. Yet he has not quite escaped from the dangers which beset prize-essayists. The easiest of all things is to write a set of highly general remarks, which nobody can precisely controvert, and which indeed are not worth the trouble of controversy; the next easiest thing after that is simply to collect a number of facts from a few books of reference, and put them down in chronological order. The essayist, in short, is apt either to indulge in empty platitudes, or to write nothing better than a highly condensed abstract of the annals of a country. To keep the due mean between these erroneous courses, to give us a general picture in a short compass, without too many details or too lofty flights, requires much knowledge, and a high degree of literary skill. Mr. Doyle has fallen too much into the latter and less distressing of the two faults we have mentioned; and, whilst rejecting the temptation to be philosophical, has tried to be more minute in his details than his limits would properly allow. The natural consequence is that his book, though necessarily short, is apt to be dry, and that we are sensible of a certain overcrowding resulting from the need of compression. A perfect essay should resemble a good miniature, and give the main outlines without attempting impossible fulness of detail. Mr. Doyle gives us the impression of having miscalculated the extent of his canvas at starting, and having then reduced his picture within the required bounds by a rather arbitrary process of excision. To mention one other fault, he seems to be scarcely familiar enough with contemporary English history to do justice to the relations between the Mother-country and the colonists. It is, for example, rather distressing to find that he habitually describes George Grenville as Granville—a mistake too often repeated to be credited to a misprint—and, in quoting a well-known passage from Burke, speaks of the Stamp Act, instead of the Navigation Laws, as being the object of Grenville's idolatry. In the latter part of his essay he seems to rely too exclusively upon the authority of Bancroft; and, indeed, from the date of the English difficulties, his essay reads almost like an abridgment of that not very trustworthy historian. In other places he scarcely seems to be familiar with some of the later investigators, and, to mention one trifling instance, he repeats the story of Pocahontas without being aware of the doubts which have been recently thrown upon the charming anecdote related by Captain John Smith. In spite, however, of

such shortcomings, Mr. Doyle has written a very creditable essay, the first part of which strikes us as, on the whole, decidedly superior to its conclusion.

American history, as it is generally written, seems to consist entirely of two epochs previous to the War of Independence. The first is that of the foundation of the colonies. The voyage of the *Mayflower*, and the adventures of Smith and his fellow-emigrants in Virginia, are the main facts in the opening of the history, and these events, and the circumstances immediately connected with them, have been dilated upon till we are rather tired of the subject. From them we generally make a jump to Hancock, Otis, Adams, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and the rest of the Revolutionary heroes, the only intermediate stepping-stone being supplied by the Salem witchcraft cases. Yet it would be a very interesting topic for any practical observer to show how the Americans of 1776 came to differ, and in what respects they actually differed, from their ancestors of a century and a-half before. The development was quiet, and met with little attention and few historians upon either side of the water. The civilization—in the well-understood direction—of a few Indian tribes, and certain difficulties with Frenchmen in Canada, are almost the only facts on which the ordinary writers care to dwell. It would be curious to trace the steps by which the democracy after the old New England type changed into the very different democracy whose example was not without influence upon the European catastrophe of 1789. The New Englander, in the Commonwealth time, had undoubtedly anticipated certain results of the modern movement; the class from which he was drawn had repudiated feudal ideas, and began with principles of self-government and popular education as strongly marked as any modern Radical would desire. But at the same time toleration, in our modern sense, was unknown; the Church and the State were one; heresy was a kind of treason; and Quakers and Papists met with little better treatment from the Puritan Fathers than they found at home. By the time of the Revolutionary war this had been completely changed; Church and State were thoroughly separated, and the present system, in which all Churches are mere voluntary organizations, had thoroughly taken root. It has been recently argued that the American War of Independence was not, as has been so often said, the first blow in the modern revolutionary struggle, but rather the last result of the old Protestant movement. Mr. Doyle dwells upon the distinction between the American and the French revolutions, and the extent to which the former was rather a carrying out of old principles than a complete breaking off from the past. Undoubtedly this is, in one sense, as true as it is obvious. The American rebellion did not involve any great disturbance, and the severance of the ties between the old country and the colonies left other things pretty much as they had been before. The colonies had long been in the enjoyment of a neglect which had left them independent for many of the most important purposes. The New England States had at a very early period formed a union which had something more than a merely superficial resemblance to that which was formed in opposition to George III.; and although the colonies remained ostensibly loyal until the actual outbreak of hostilities, yet, as Mr. Doyle very truly observes, it is impossible not to suppose that intelligent men had long foreseen the difficulty of maintaining a permanent connexion. Indeed evidence is not wanting that, for many years before the Stamp Act, the propriety of a separation was often discussed. Undoubtedly an open proposition to that effect would have been received with as little favour as a similar proposition would now receive in Australia. Yet all the traditions of New England, and, in a smaller degree, of the other colonies, were in favour of such a complete management of their own affairs as would render the Imperial control little more than nominal. Meanwhile Englishmen, when they condescended to think at all of the colonies, thought of them as mere plantations for the benefit of English commerce. Their final cause was to grow tobacco, or to supply a market for English manufactures; and Lord Chatham himself took this view of the question, though admitting the impropriety of internal taxation. It was impossible that two partners to a bond interpreted in such divergent senses should continue long to hold together, and it may therefore be said that the rupture, when it actually came, was nothing but the settlement of irreconcilable pretensions which had been growing up for generations. As soon as we determined to translate our claims into action, the colonists signified their utter repudiation of them. They had been silently cherishing the hope of growing up into a great empire, whilst we fancied that they were to remain as subsidiary establishments to English commerce. So far there was nothing of the revolutionary spirit in the outbreak. But, on the other hand, there was a distinct connexion between the French and the American Revolutions which ought not to be overlooked. Not only did such men as Lafayette and Franklin establish a certain sympathy between the two countries, but there was also a community of ideas. Such American leaders as Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson talked the language, and held the popular creed, of the eighteenth century. They had entirely abandoned the old Puritan platform, and were given to the religious free-thinking and political speculations of their day. Jefferson himself upset the last remnants of an Established Church, and of the law of promogeniture, by way, as he said, of "eradicating every fibre of ancient or future aristocracy." When, in the Declaration of Independence, he appealed to the inherent and indefeasible rights of man, he was for the first time in active politics raising a cry which was destined to work far more tremendous results in Europe than could be brought about in America. In short, that party which

* *The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence.* By John Andrew Doyle. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1869.

was represented by so many of the leading American statesmen, and by some of their sympathizers in England, was beginning to put in practice, though with a very dim perception of results, the principles which had already undermined the old social fabric of Europe, and were soon to bring about the great revolutionary catastrophe. The American colonies represented several heterogeneous principles; in New England, there was the genuine old Puritan spirit which was already much decayed by the time of the Revolution; on the other hand, both in New England and elsewhere, there was a kind of premature democracy which anticipated some results of the more modern spirit. It would be interesting to trace the growth of these principles, and to show to what extent they had prepared the ground for the present condition of the United States, and how they reacted upon spectators in Europe. But to follow out this, or some other equally obvious lines of inquiry, would require a more intimate acquaintance both with English and American history than Mr. Doyle as yet possesses. We hope that he will be stimulated by his first success to obtain a wider view of the subject.

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